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4

BIG FUNNIES



Kjartan Arnorsson



**HIYA,
FOLKS!**

This issue's editorial strikes a slightly more somber note than previous ones. Not that we don't have good news - we do! Just for example, James M. Hardiman contributes a story featuring his lusty skunk girls this issue. That should put a smile on the face (or a bulge in the pants) of any true aficionado!

But further back, you'll find a story that Karno drew from a script by Robert E. Outlaw. But after the story was sent in, it never appeared in print. Later, we found out that was because Outlaw had died. A real blow - not only was Robert Outlaw a nice guy in person, but his books were the kind of healthy, bouncy, FUN porn that we need more of in these dark days.

Ergo, so as not to let this "lost gem" moulder away in the files, unseen by all, Karno decided to run it here. If you enjoy it, tip your hat to Robert E. Outlaw - he was one of us!



BIG funnies is still looking for contributors! If you draw good, and have no sense of proportion or shame, then please send a work sample to:

Kjartan
Hraunbraut 14
200 Kopavogi
ICELAND
Karno@islandia.is

Money and fame (albeit in tiny amounts) await!
And best of all, the warm feeling of knowing that you have dampened pants across the nation!

Big Funnies no.4, February 2002 is published by Radio Comix, PMB #117, 1176 West Ave, San Antonio, Texas 78216. All stories and art are copyright © Kjartan Arnorsson, 2002. (Except for material contributed by guest artists.) All other material © Radio Comix. No similarities to any characters and/or places is intended, and any similarity is purely coincidental. If you violate my copyright, you will invoke the wrath of God. Specifically me, Karno, God incarnate of the Temple of Karno. I will call down a variety of plagues upon your head, all according to the severity of your crime. My advice is to apologize, and make restitution before we get to the Plague of Lead. But all you honest readers need not worry about a thing. Just sit back and ENJOY THE SHOW!

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EINAR



ASTA



GEORGE



KISI



STEFANIA



ARNIE



DAWG



PERVO



KARNO
drew it
2001

ASTA

Asta Valdimarsdottir works in an insurance office. She is a very normal girl at first glance.



She handles new customers, and usually does a good job.

Do you want automatic deductions?

yes!

Do you want a no-fault plan?

yes!

Do you want marmelade in your hair?

yes!



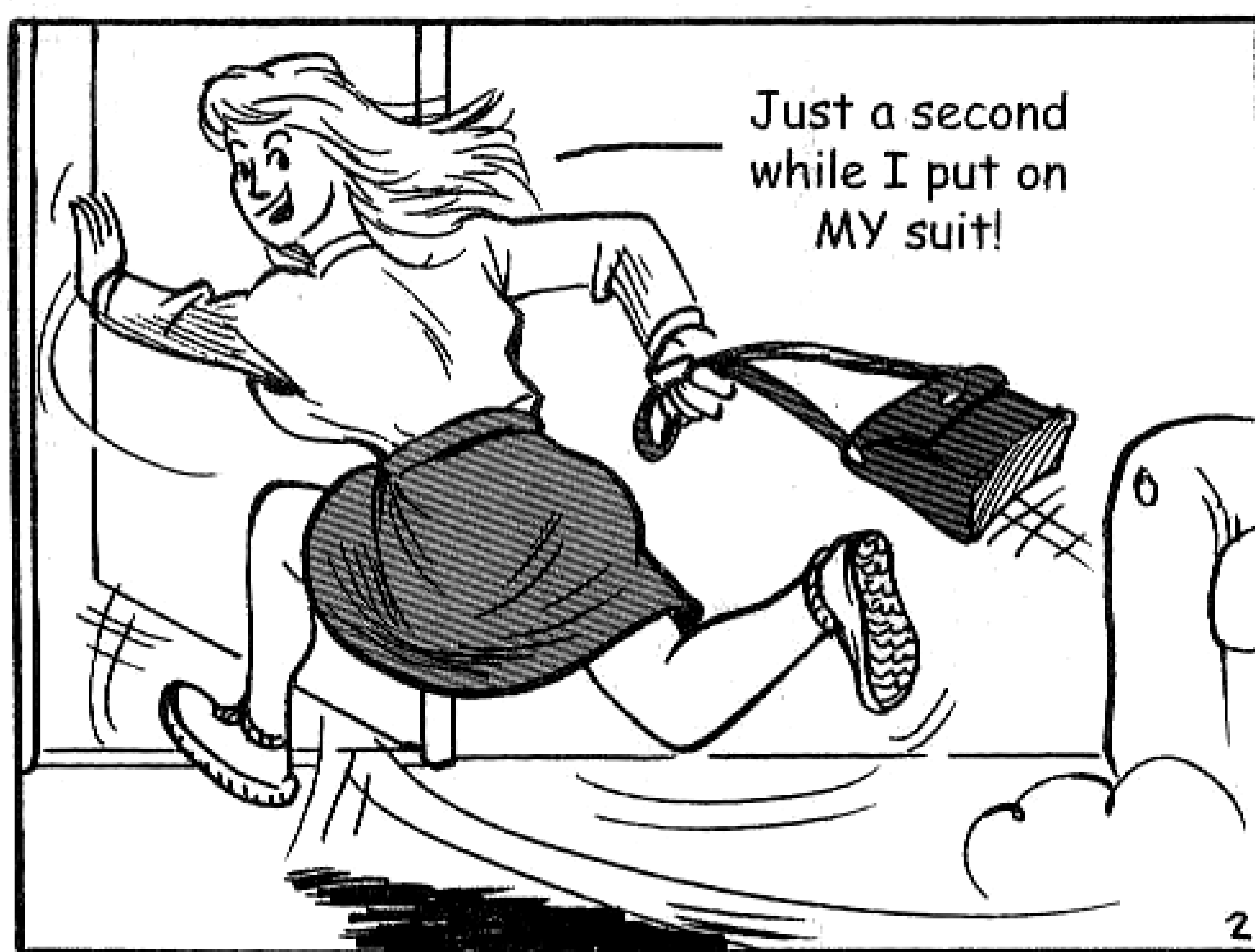
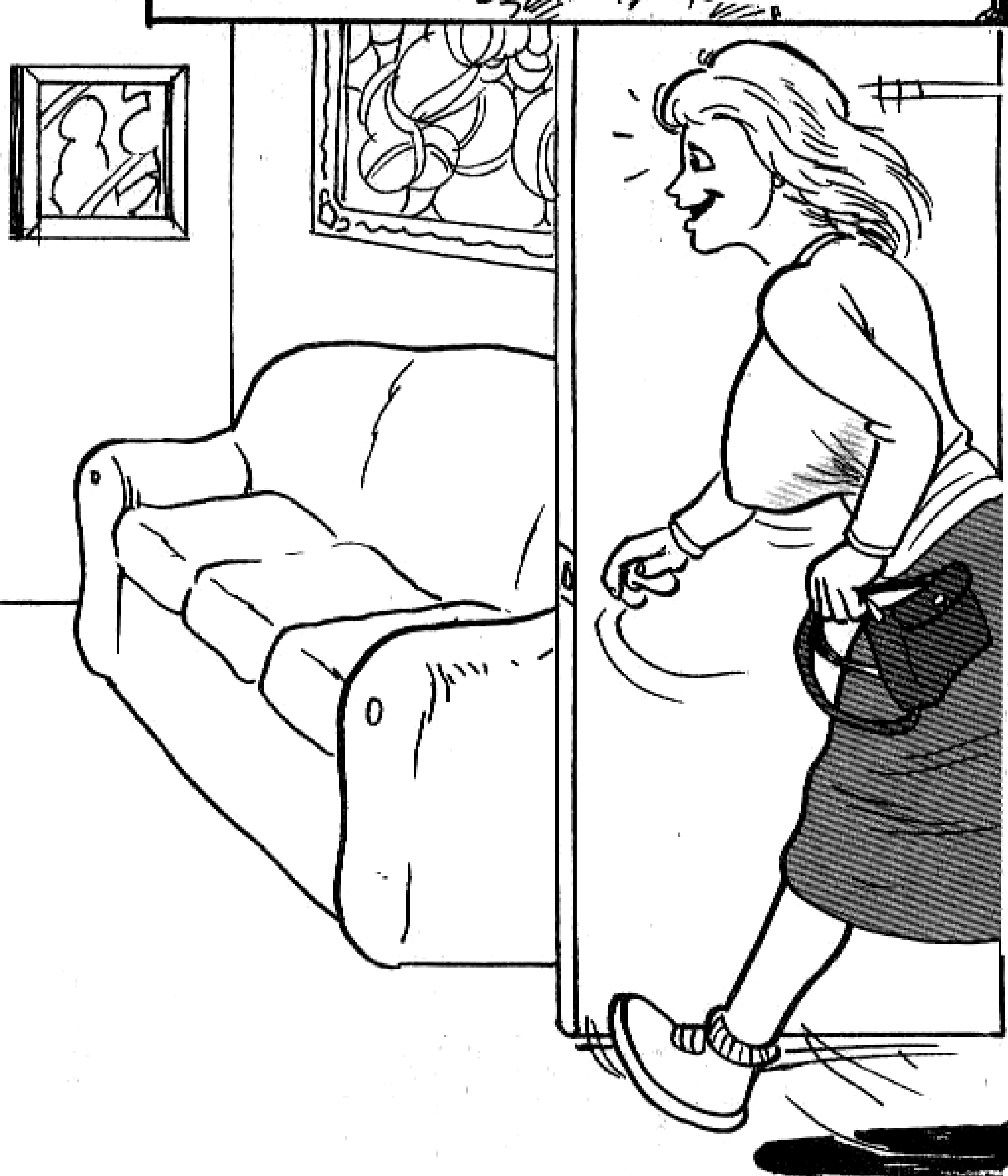
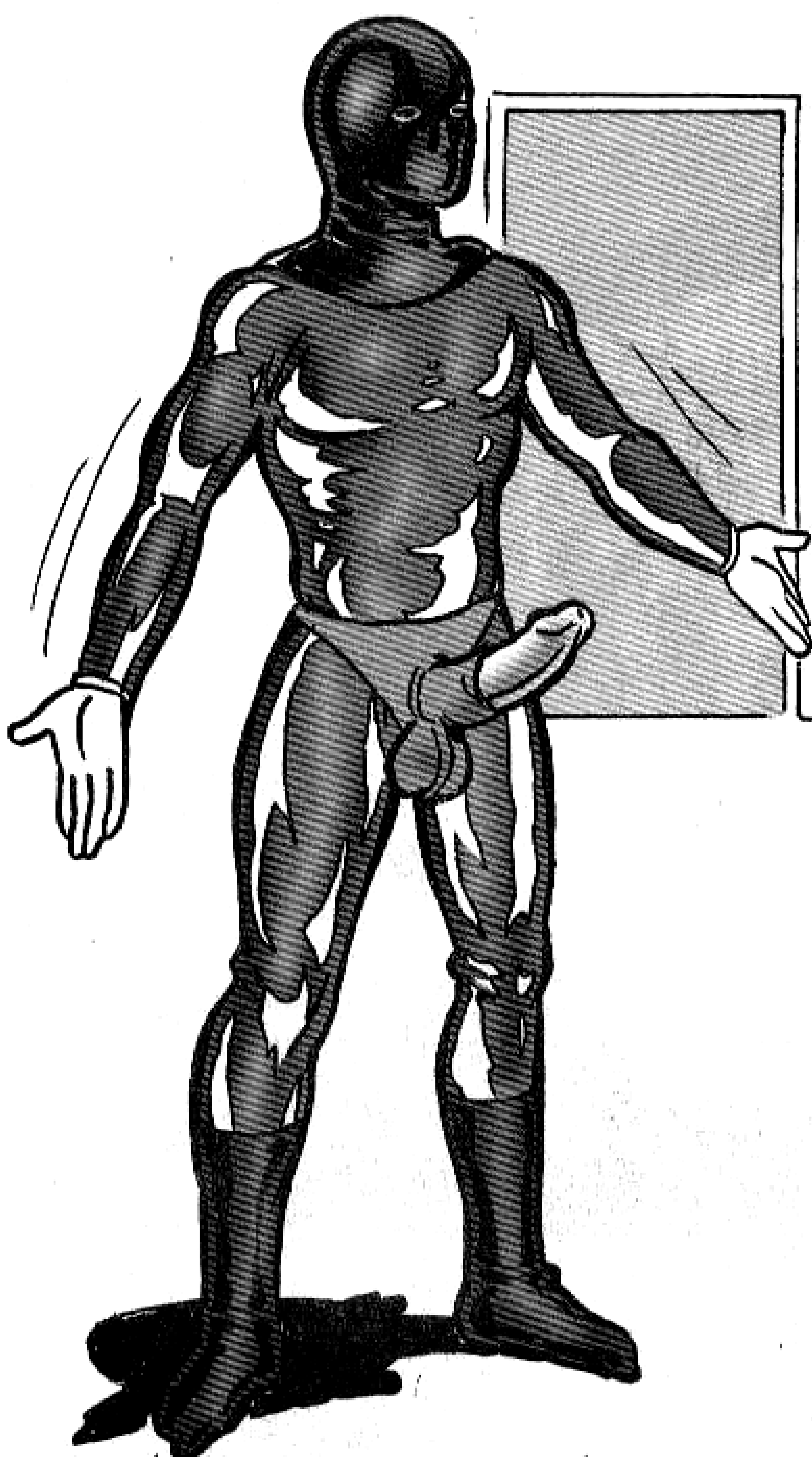
Today, she's more eager than usual to get home.

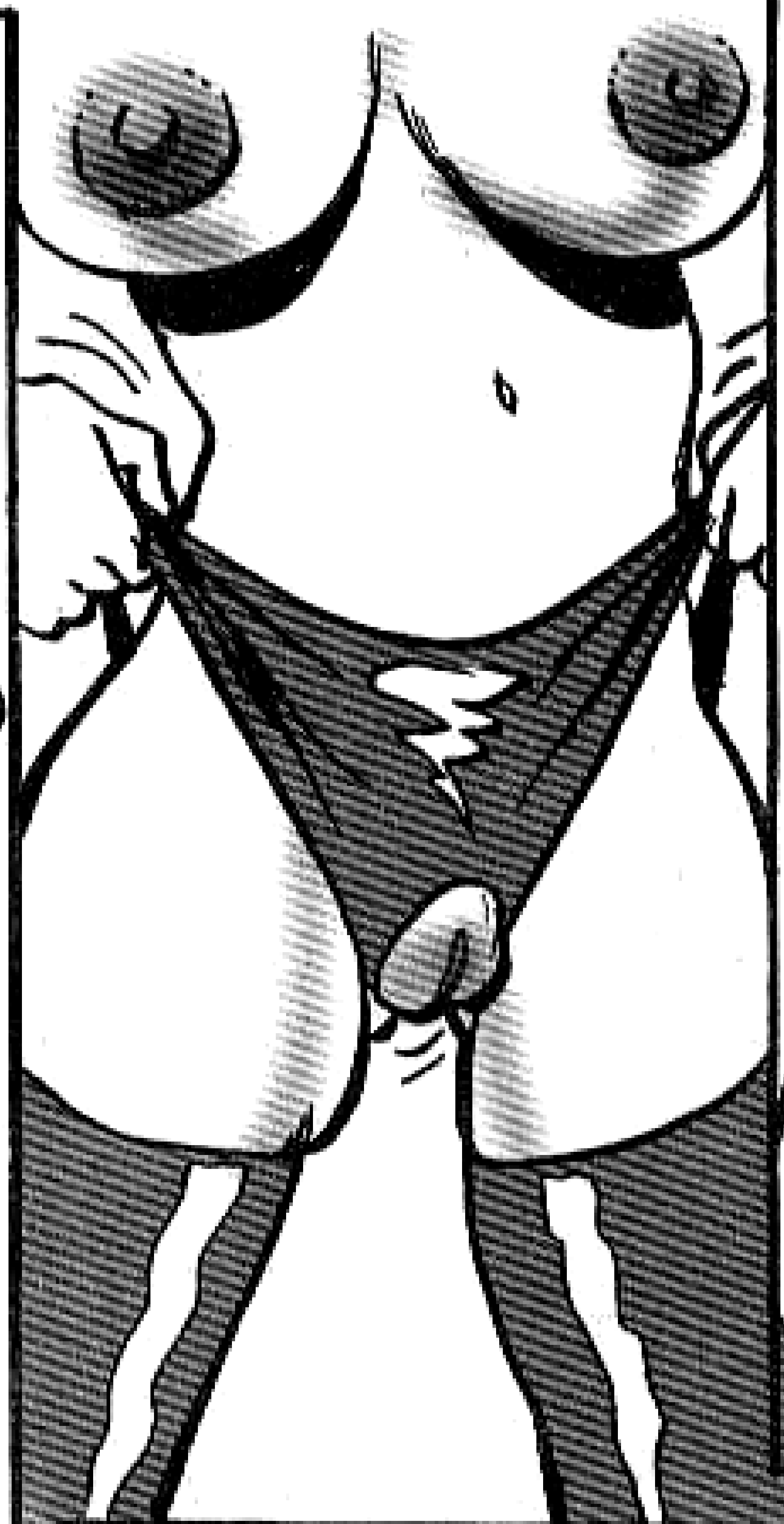
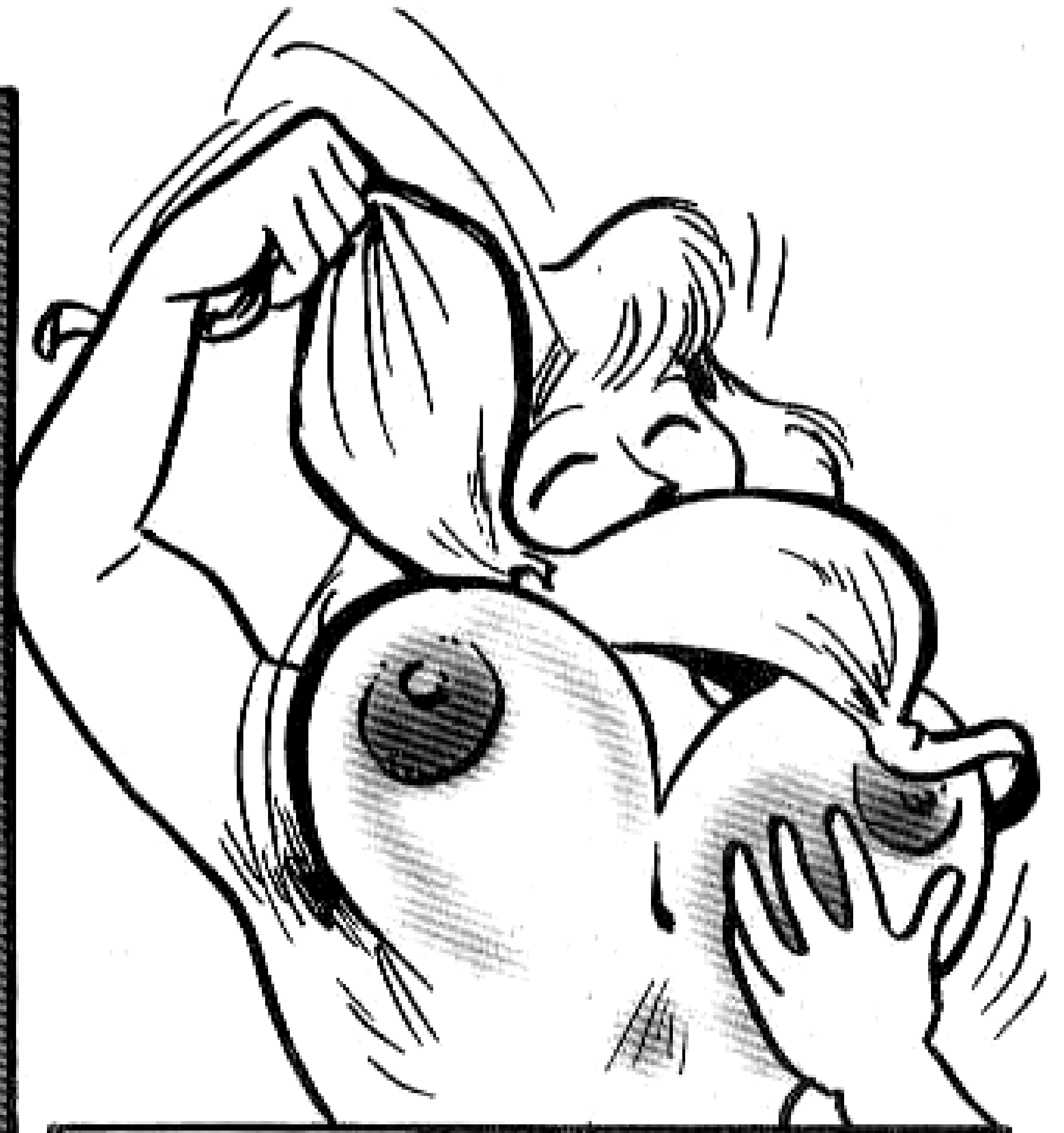
The box from the sex shop should be in!



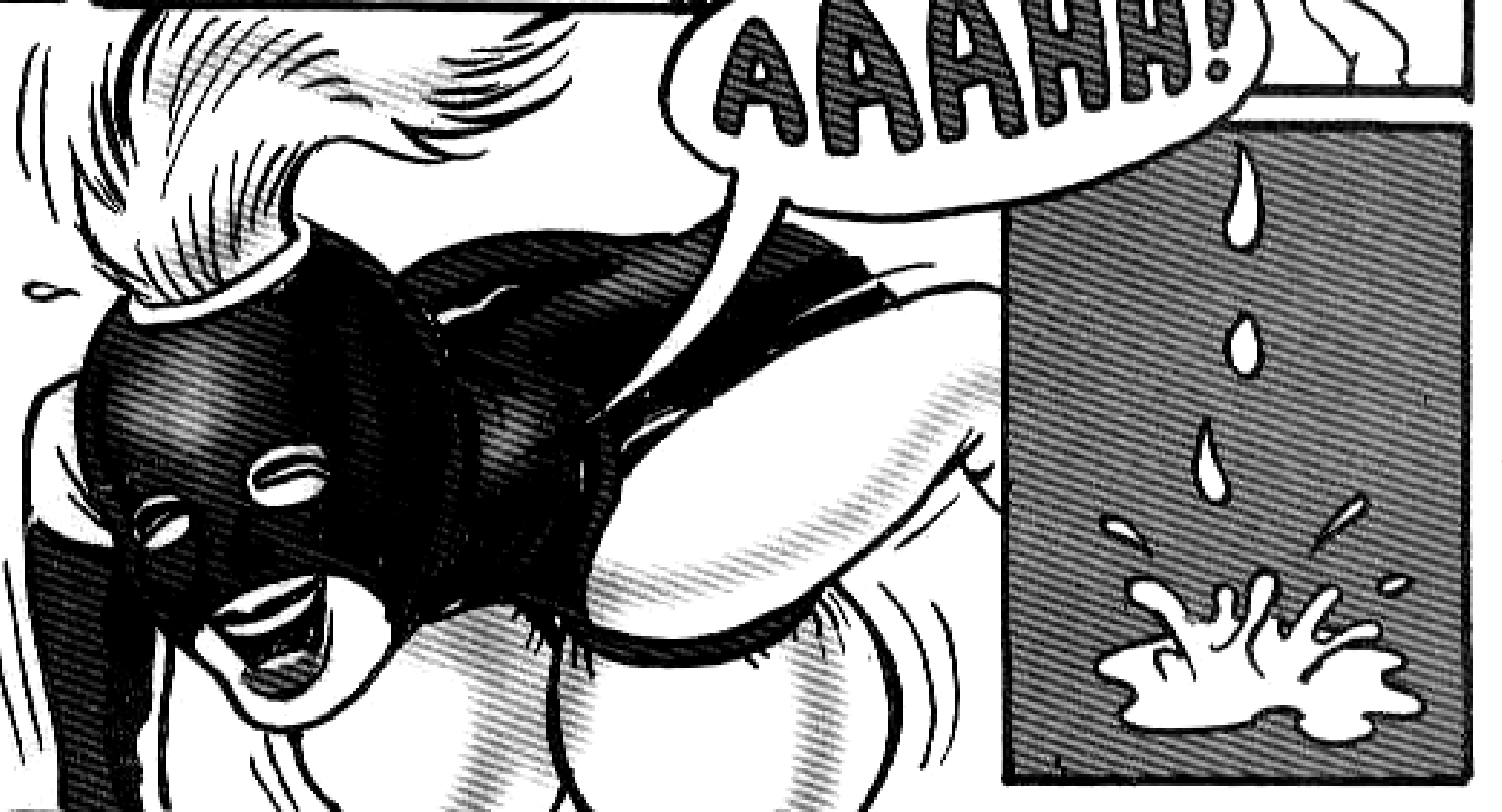
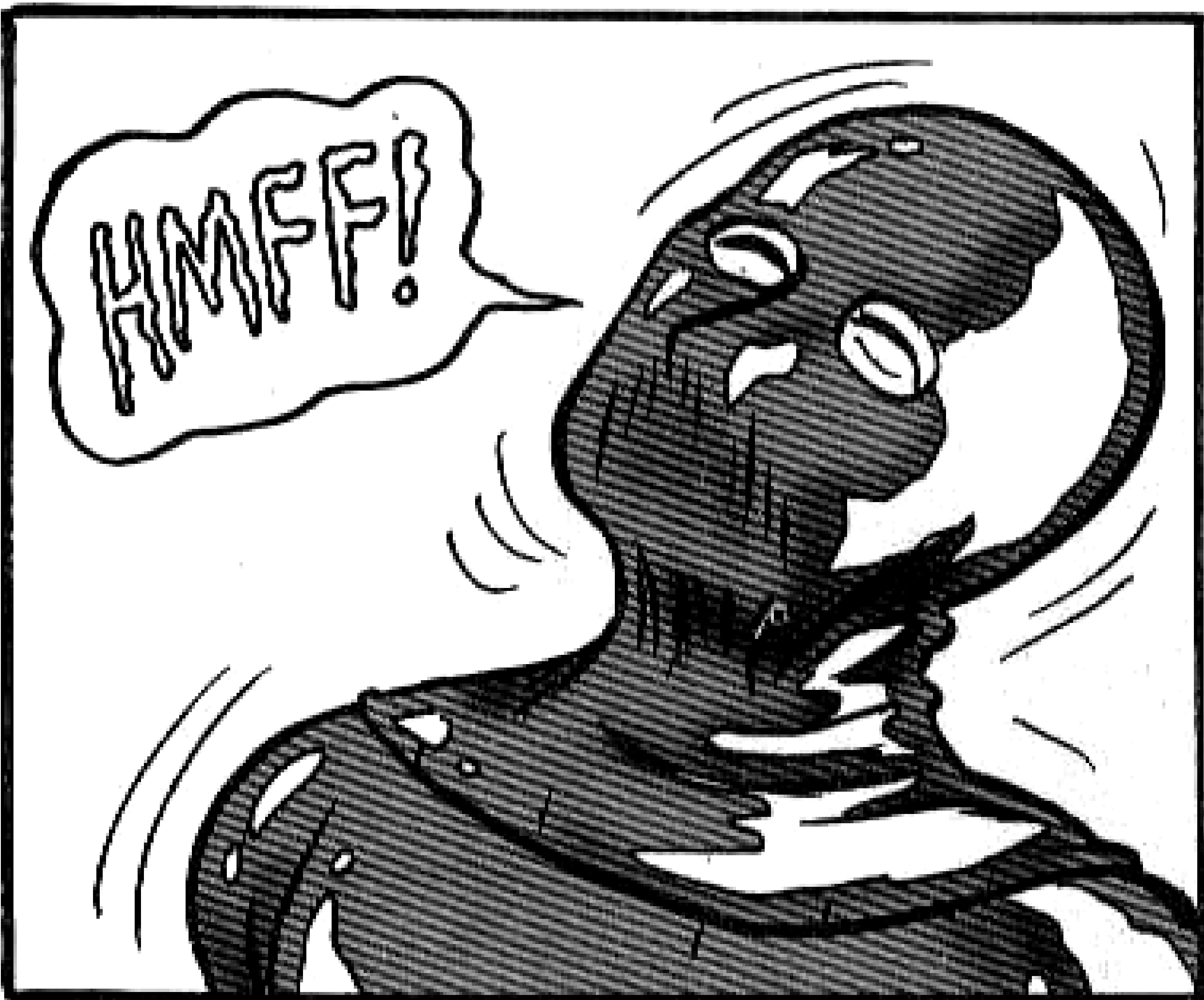
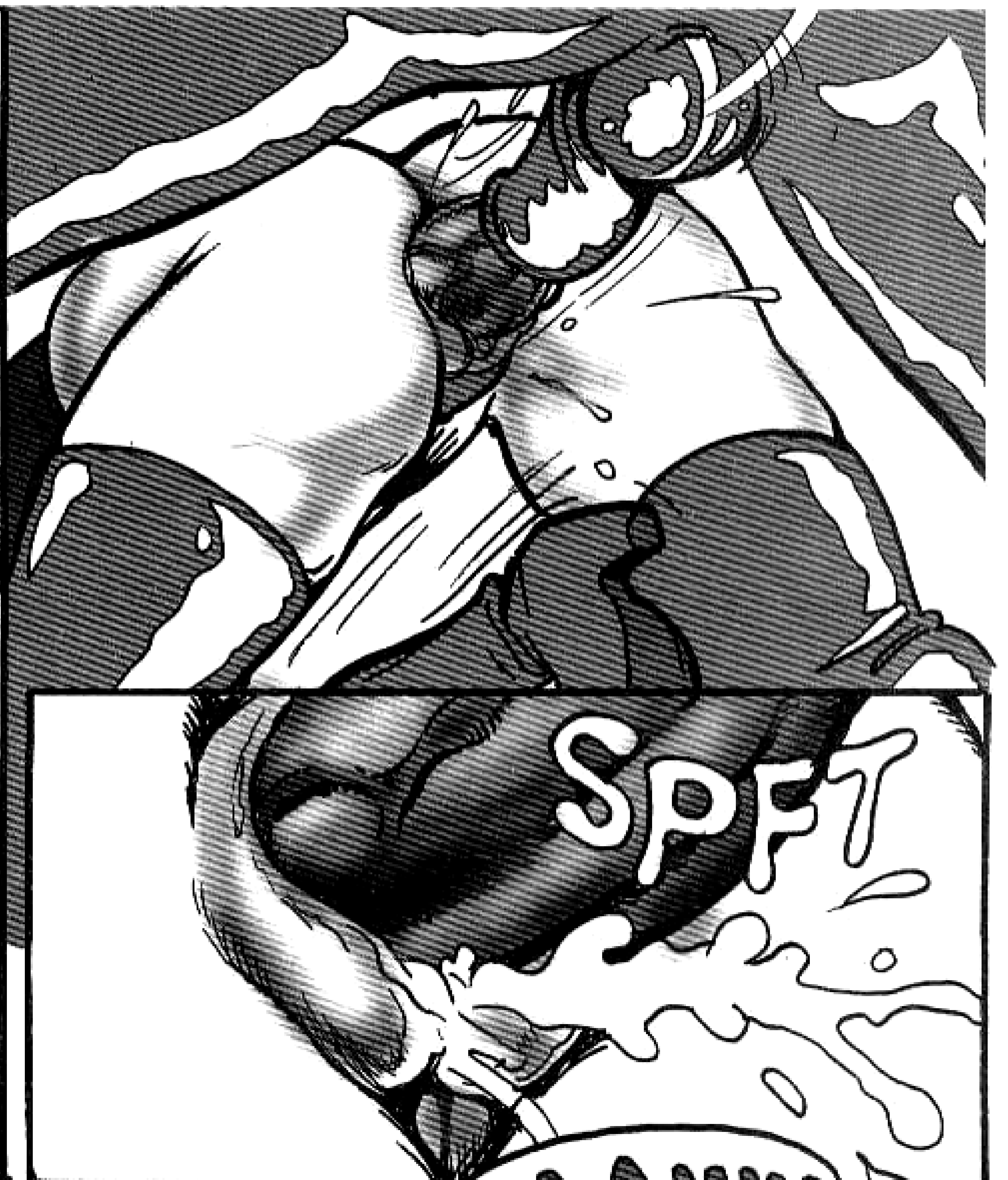
At last, an outfit for Einar, too!
I'm gonna screw him until something catches fire!











HAR HAR! We sure fooled ya!

A black and white cartoon illustration. On the left, a woman with a black face mask and a bikini top with large white circles looks surprised. On the right, a man with a mustache and a hairy chest is running away, holding a small object. The text "HAR HAR! We sure fooled ya!" is at the top.

Einar! You've been spying on us from the kitchen and wanking!

Yepp!

Great show!

You're a complete pervert!

So that's why he didn't talk - Id've recognized his voice!

A black and white comic panel. On the left, a woman with short, curly hair is wearing a dark, form-fitting top. She is smiling and pointing her right index finger towards the chest of a man standing next to her. The man is wearing a black mask that covers his face and head, leaving only his eyes and mouth visible. He is also wearing a dark, form-fitting top. He is looking down at his chest with a slightly concerned or surprised expression. A speech bubble from the woman says "Oh, me too!". On the right, a man with a mustache and a goatee is standing, looking towards the woman and the masked man. He is wearing a dark, form-fitting top. He has a large, hairy chest and is holding a small object in his right hand.

A black and white comic panel. On the left, a woman is shown from the chest up, wearing a black mask that covers her eyes and nose, leaving only her mouth open. She has a small tuft of hair sticking out of the top of the mask. She is looking towards the right. On the right, a man with a thick mustache and a surprised expression is looking back at her. He has a large, curly mustache and a wide-eyed, open-mouthed look. The text "HMMMMM...." is written above the man's head. The background is a simple grey with some horizontal lines.

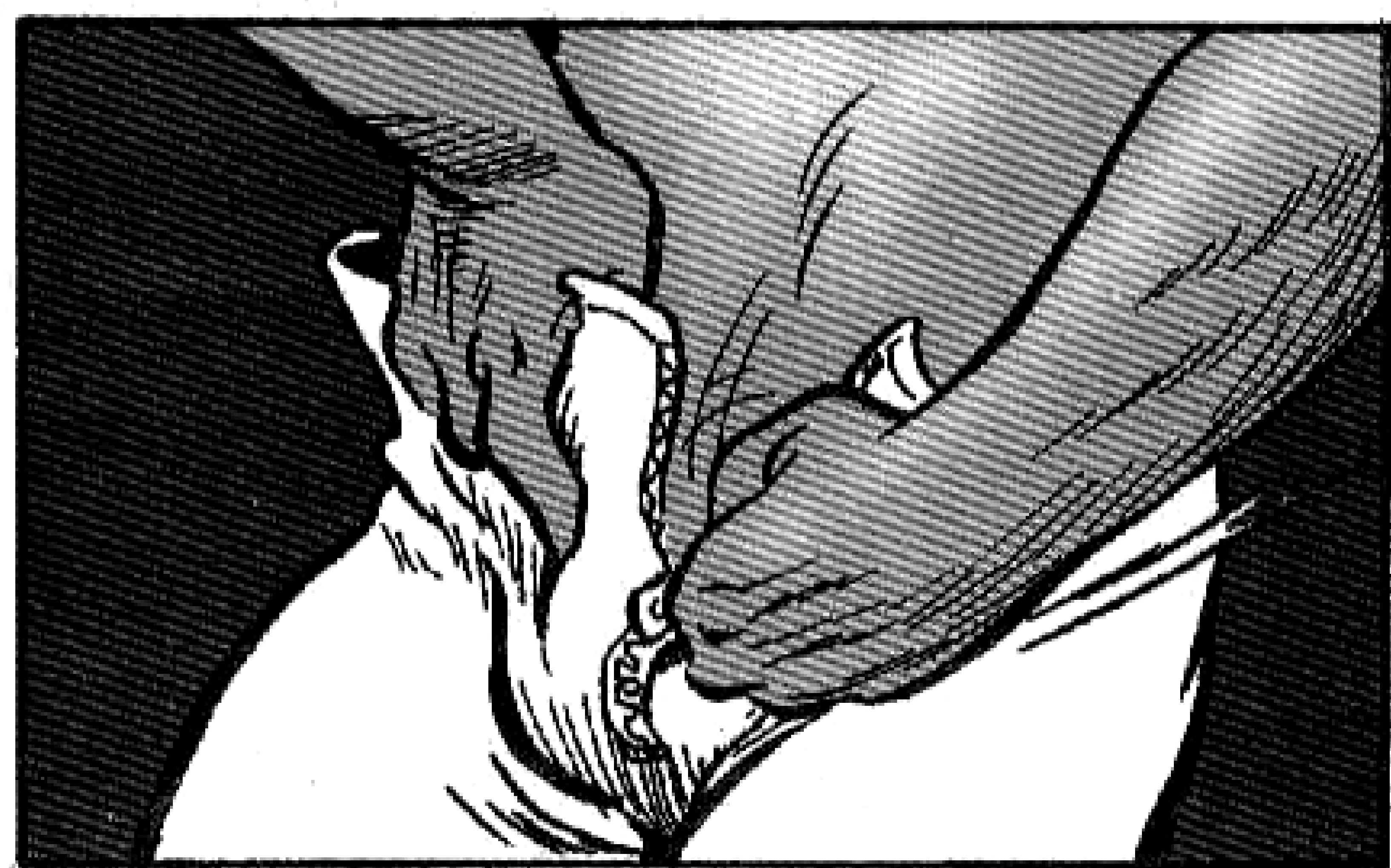
JOKE'S OVER,
ASTA! LET ME
BACK IN!!

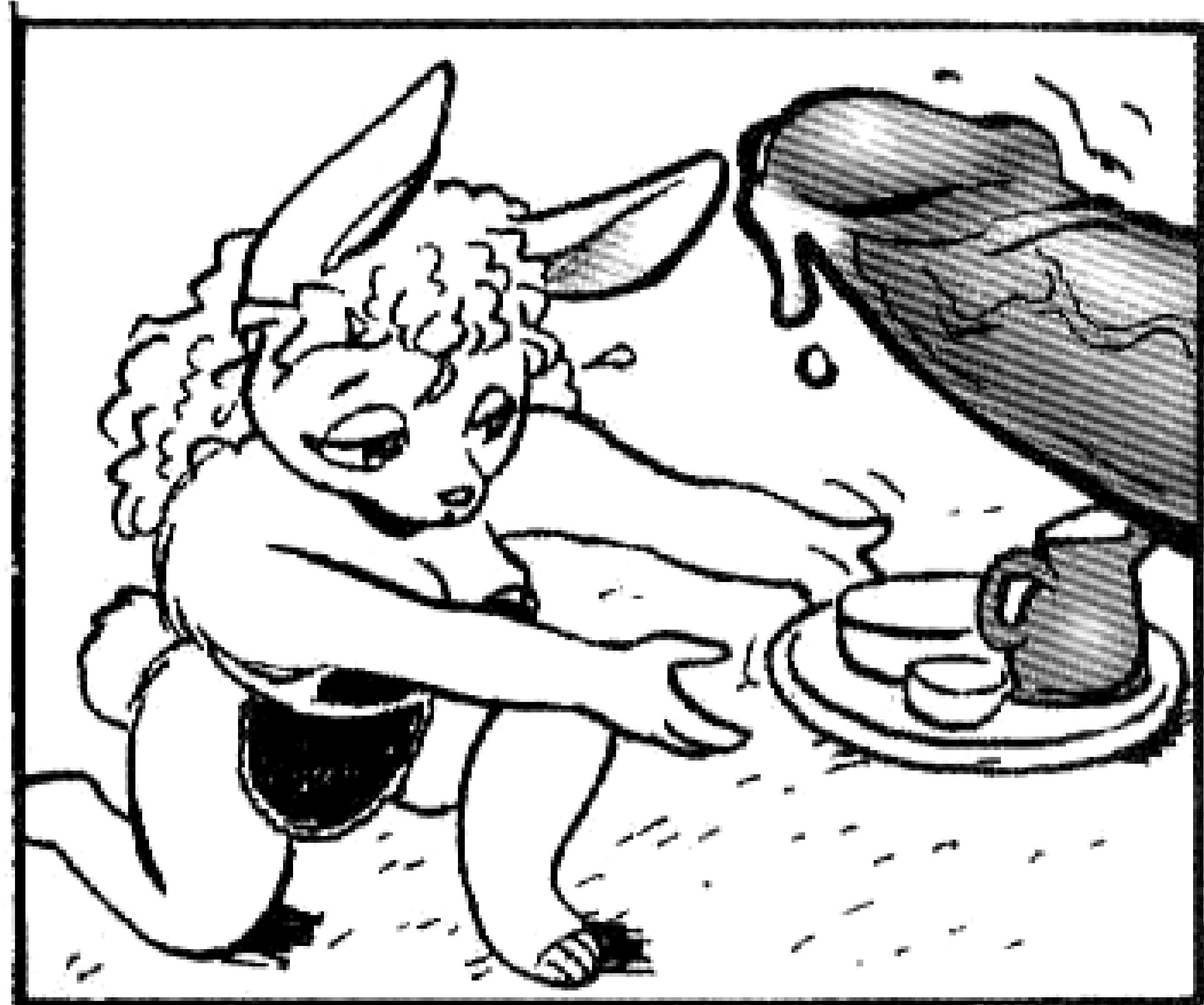
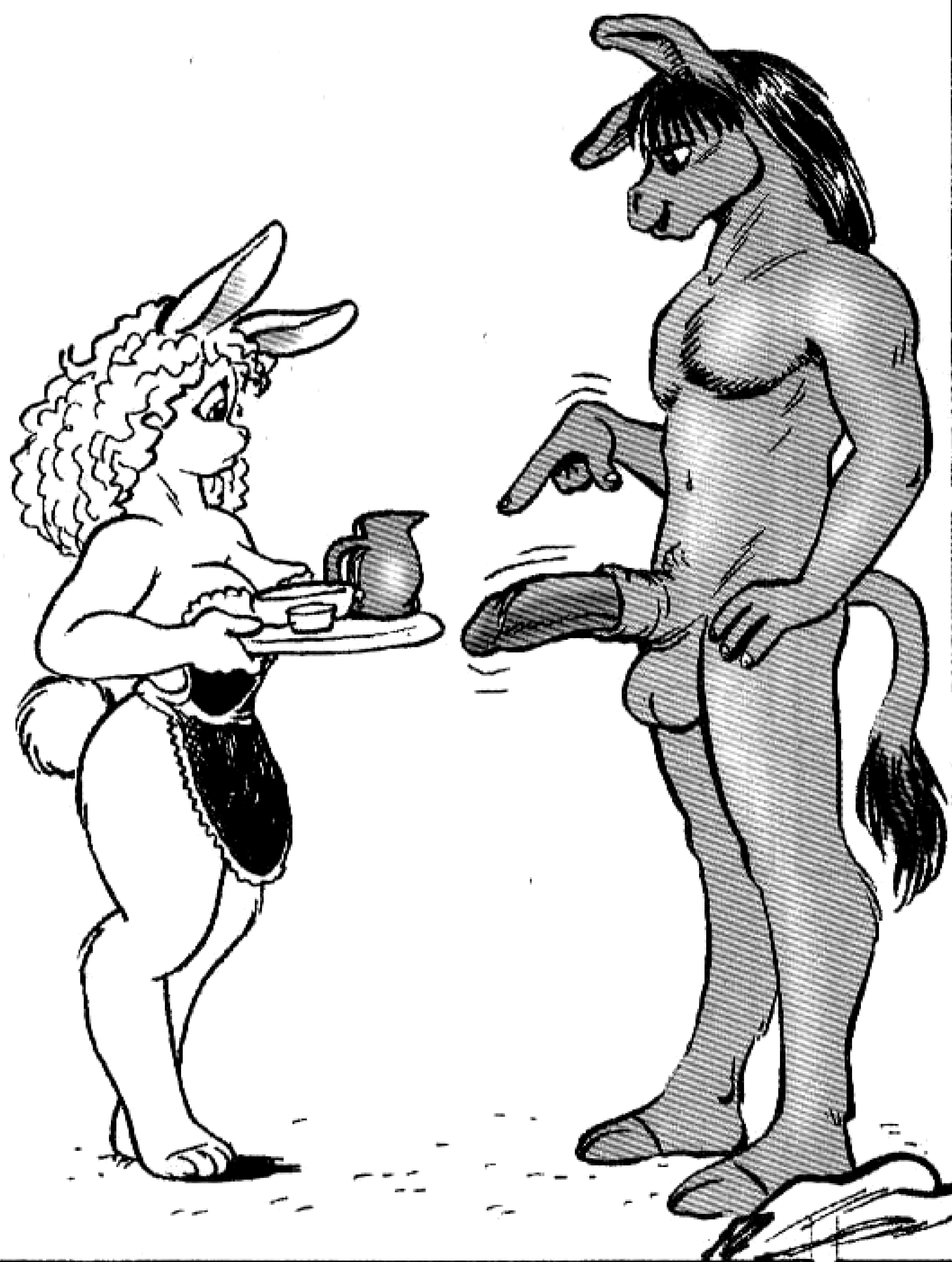
IT'S COLD
OUT HERE

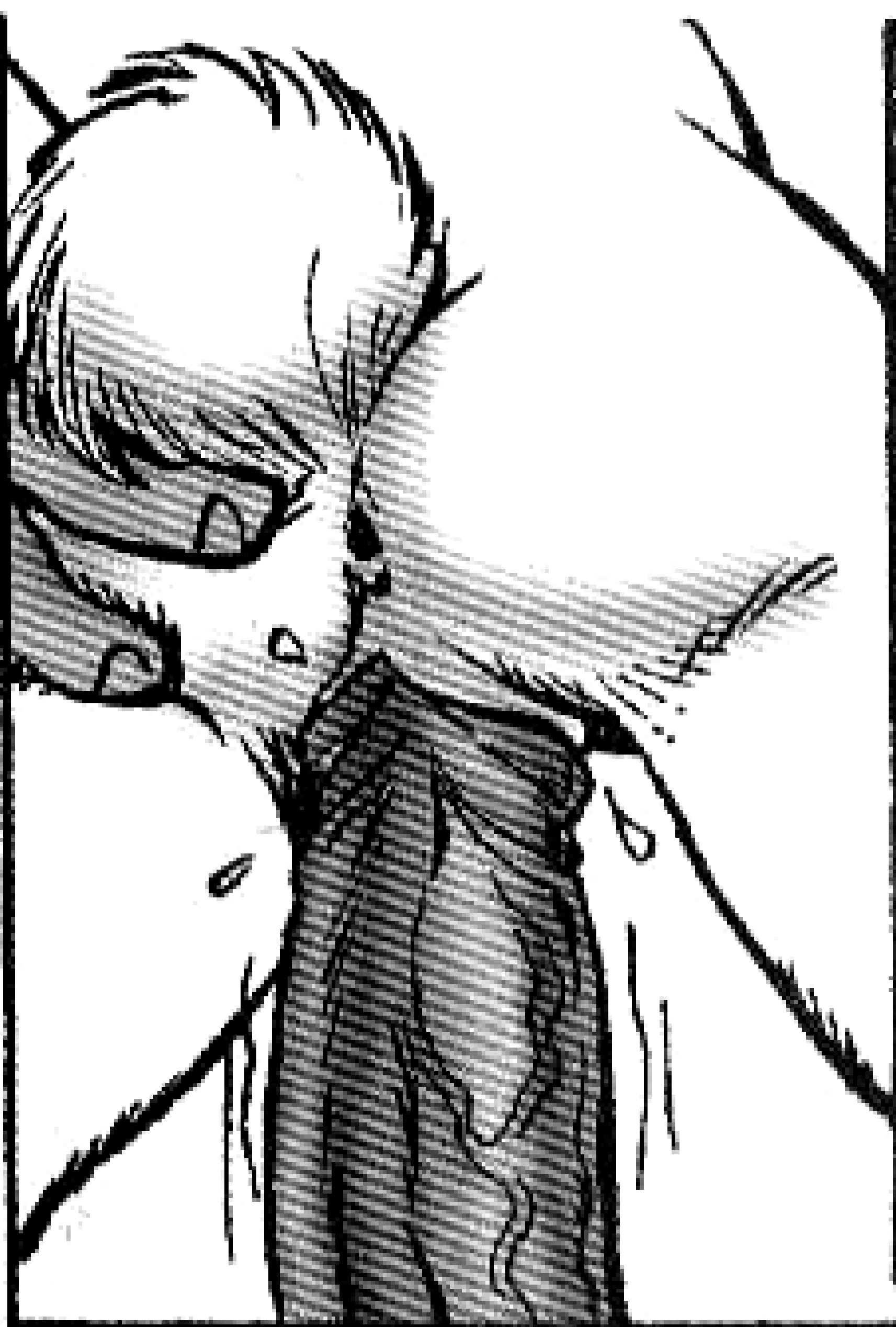
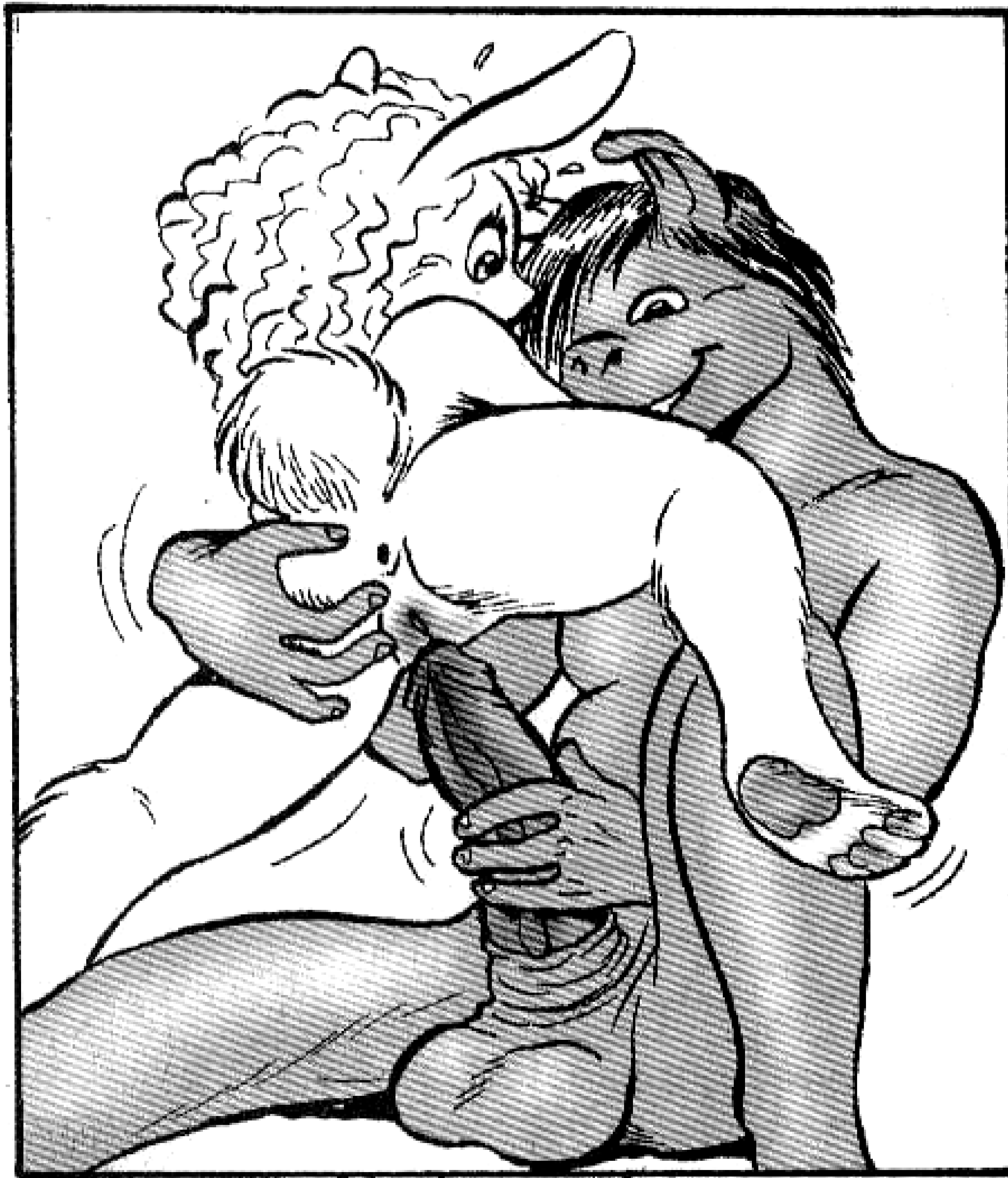
BOM
BOMP
BOMM

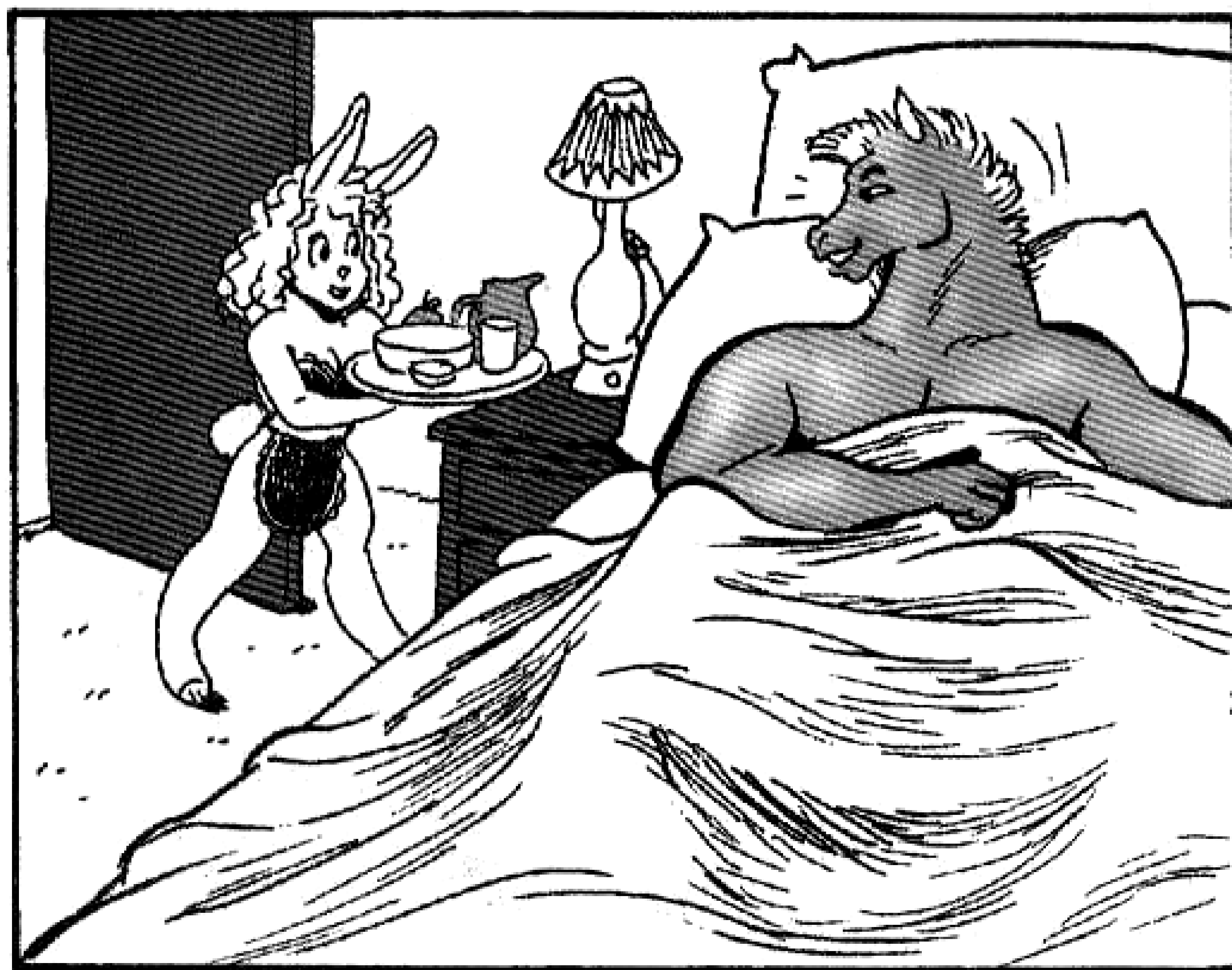
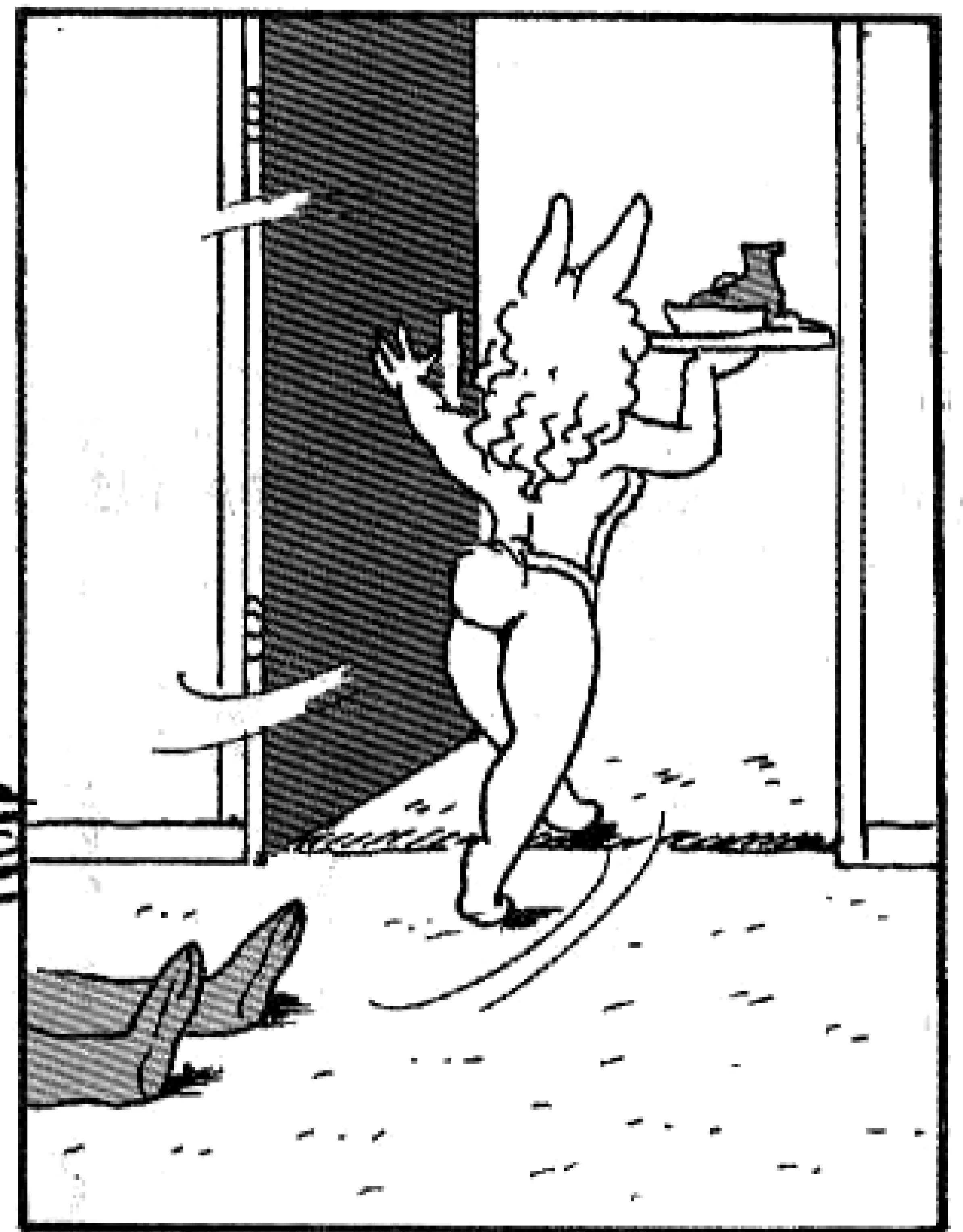
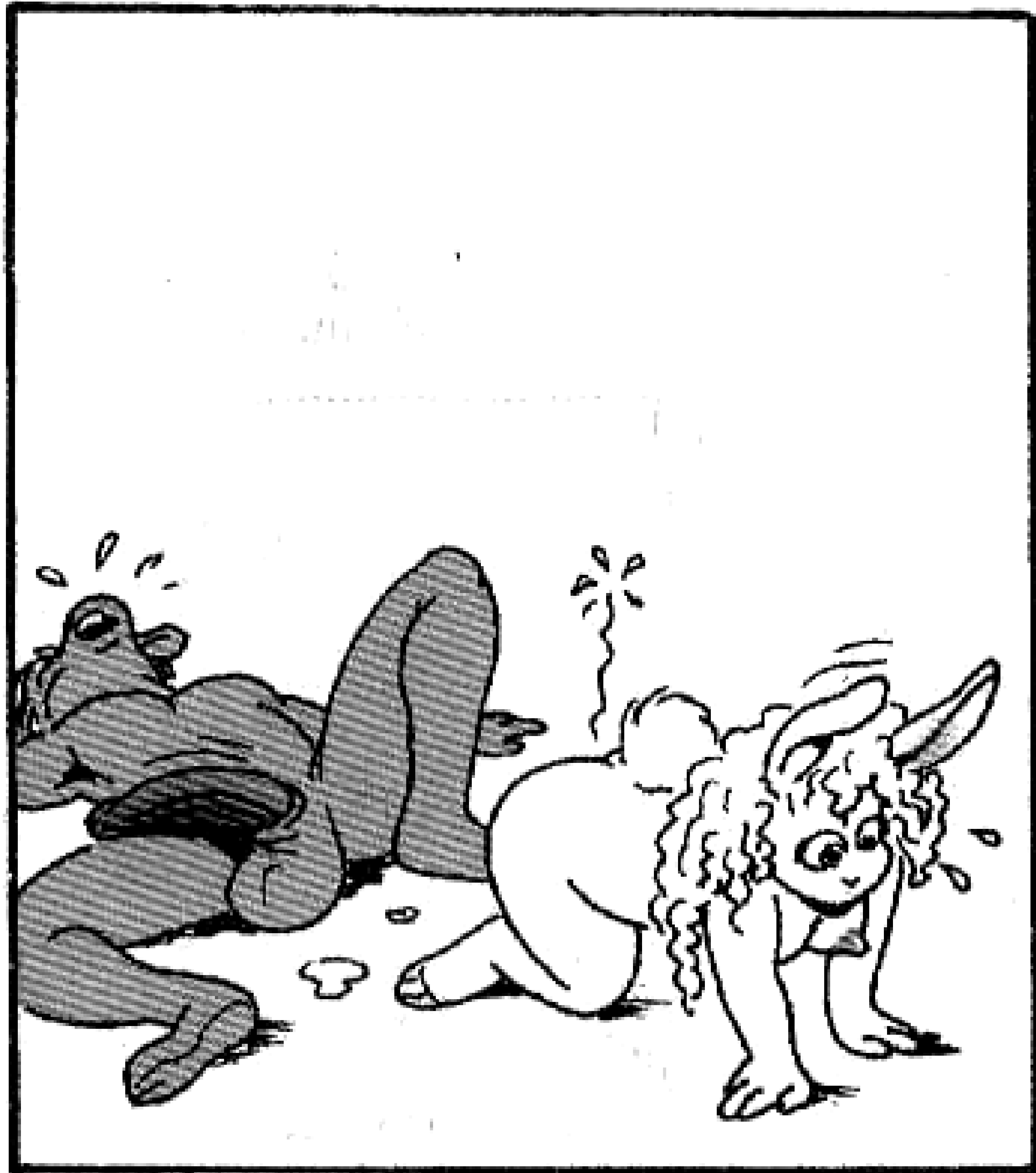
FIRST DAY ON THE JOB

BY
KARNO
© 1998









THE CARBINE
FAIRY PRESENTS:

KARNOS WILD - EYED GUN CONTROL RANT

BY KARTAN © 2000~



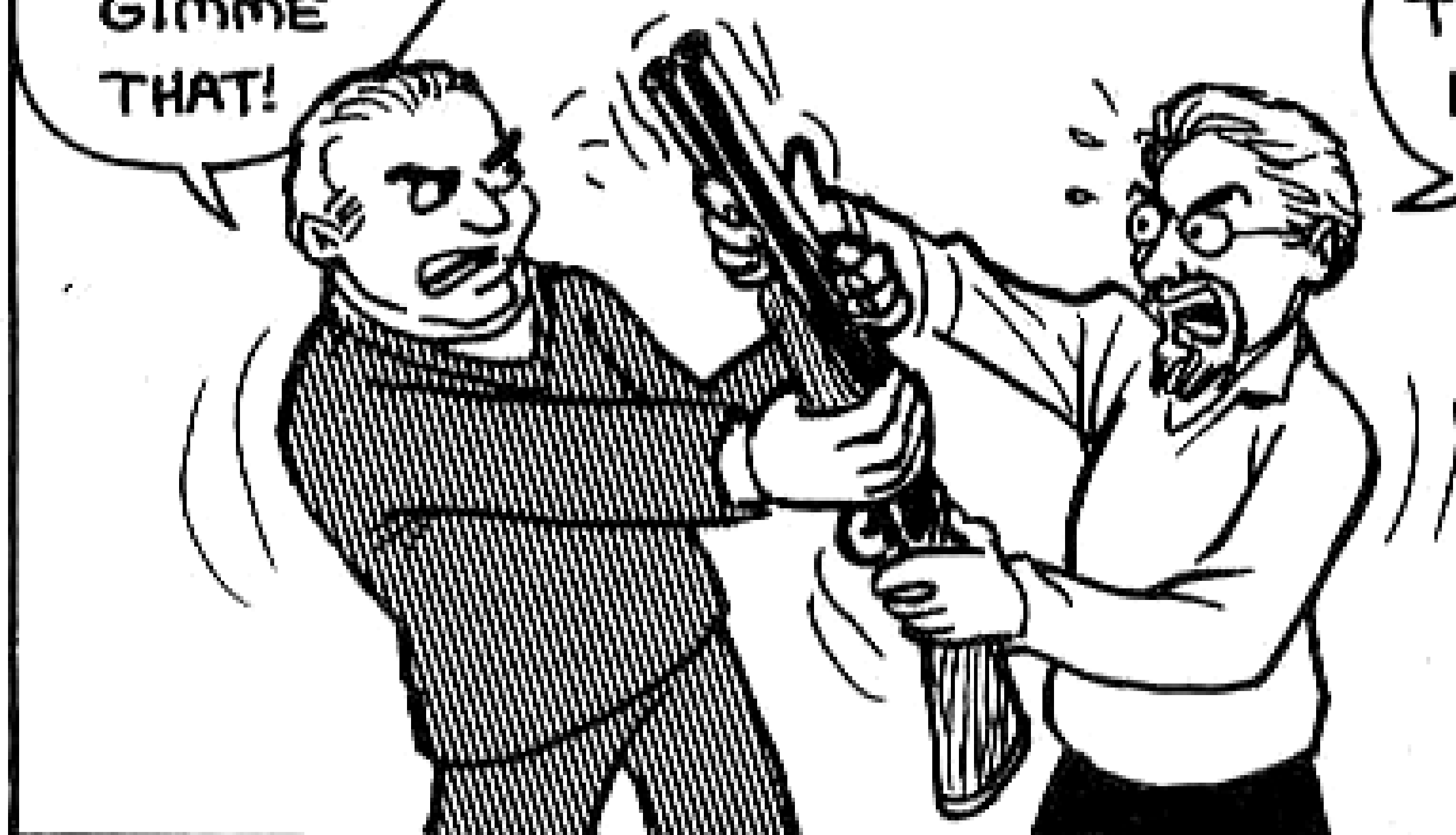
GUNS, GUNS, GUNS! I love 'em! Got a dozen of the suckers at least. I love to shoot them, build 'em, collect 'em! It's a great hobby - good, clean manly fun, you betcha!



But we're not here to talk about such innocent pastimes. This is about the power that possessing guns gives you - And the attempts to remove that power; What we call "Gun control".

I DON'T
TRUST YOU!
GIMME
THAT!

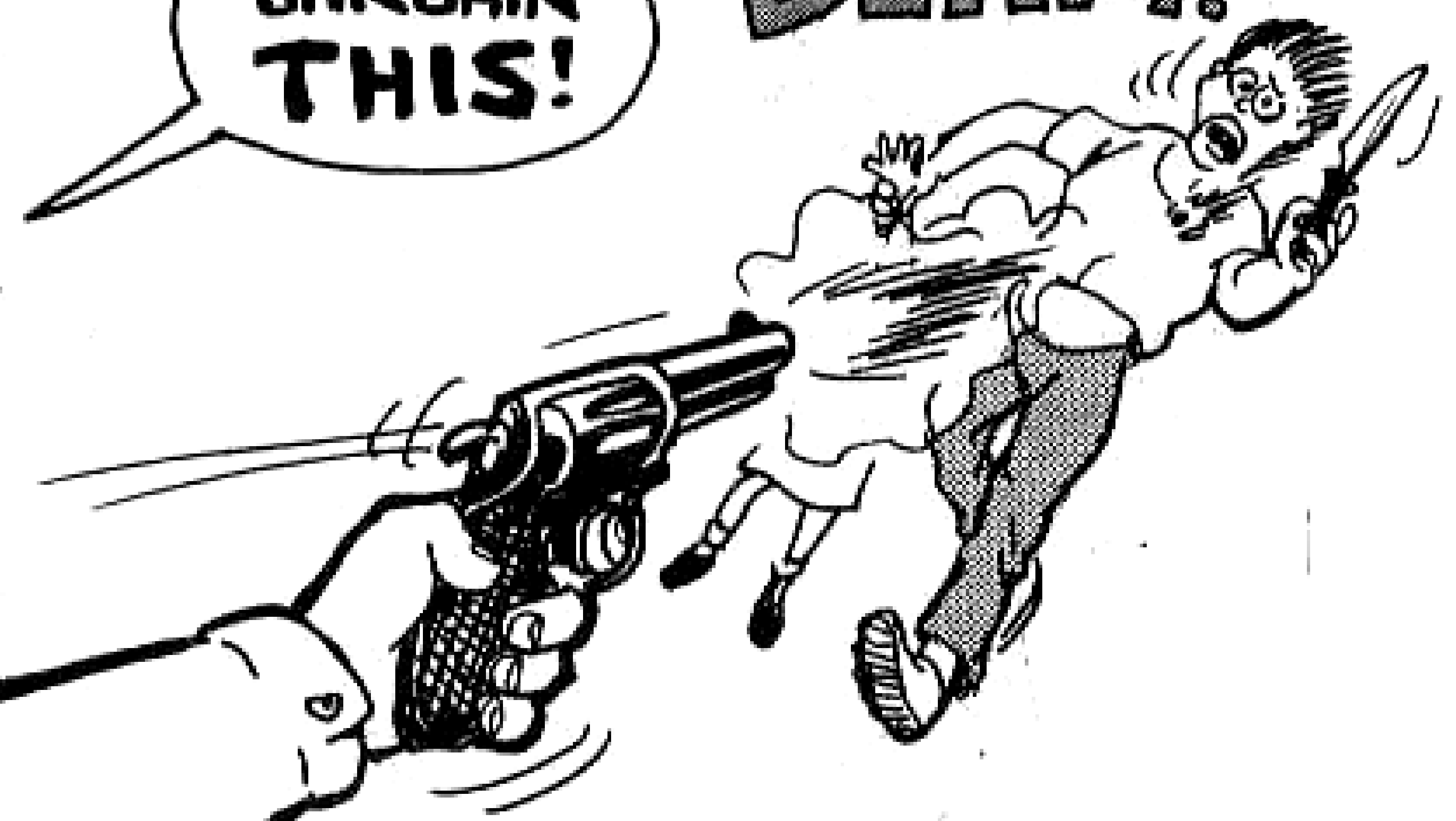
I DON'T
TRUST YOU!
LET GO!



Chairman Mao famously said that "Power grows from the barrel of a gun", and he was right. Guns are power, the power to kill at a distance. If I have a gun, and you don't, then I have the power of life and death over you. Simple as that. The choice is mine, not yours.

PLEA-
BARGAIN
THIS!

BLAM!



When things go bad, an unarmed man's choices are to run, or to fall to his knees and beg for mercy. My gun gives me the choice of fighting back effectively.

**KRAK
KRAK**

SORRY.



I hope I'll never have to kill to defend myself, but if it comes down to the bone, I would rather be a killer than a corpse.

Being power junkies themselves, rulers have never liked the idea of armed peasants. Attempts at "Gun Control" predate guns.

THESE DAMNED CROSSBOWS
ENABLE COMMON RABBLE TO
SHOOT DOWN OUR NOBLE
KNIGHTS LIKE DOGS!



I
WANT
THEM
BANNED!

Since openly attacking armed people is dangerous, gun confiscation programs are virtually always presented as public safety measures.

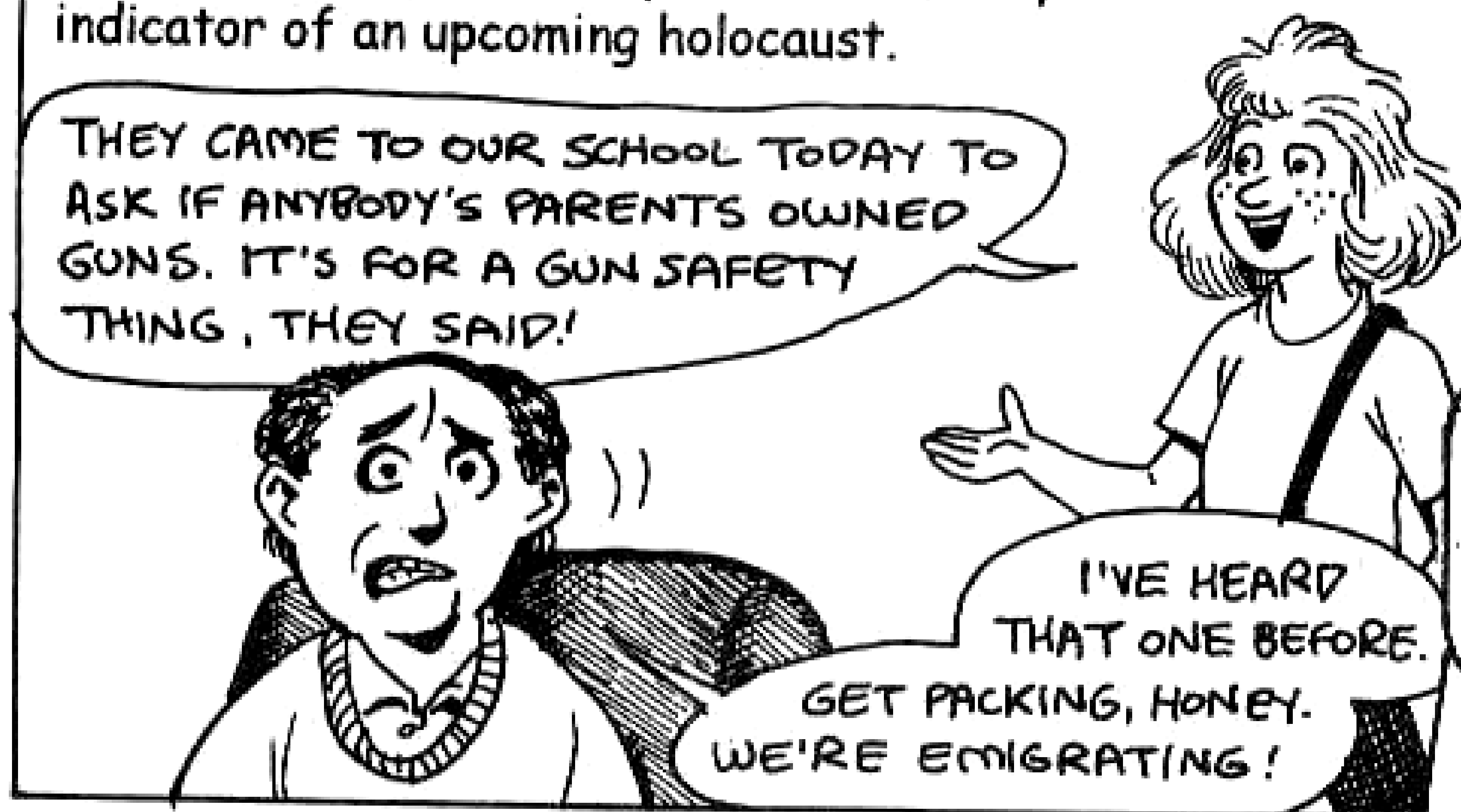


These gun confiscations are usually followed by horrendous persecution of the disarmed people. This should not surprise anyone. If you want to be nice to someone, you don't need to disarm them first. You render people defenseless so you can hurt them without fear of retaliation.



Ergo, civilian disarmament - imposed by trick or force - has unfortunately become a fairly reliable indicator of an upcoming holocaust.

THEY CAME TO OUR SCHOOL TODAY TO ASK IF ANYBODY'S PARENTS OWNED GUNS. IT'S FOR A GUN SAFETY THING, THEY SAID!



But let's say that a civilized, politically stable society wants to reduce crime. It passes gun ban laws, ostensibly to fight gun-related crime. The law abiding citizens dutifully turn in their guns....



But the criminals who make their living ignoring the laws against robbery, rape and murder naturally ignore any laws against gun possession, too. The practical result of these laws - however well meaning - is to force law-abiding citizens to face armed criminals with empty hands.



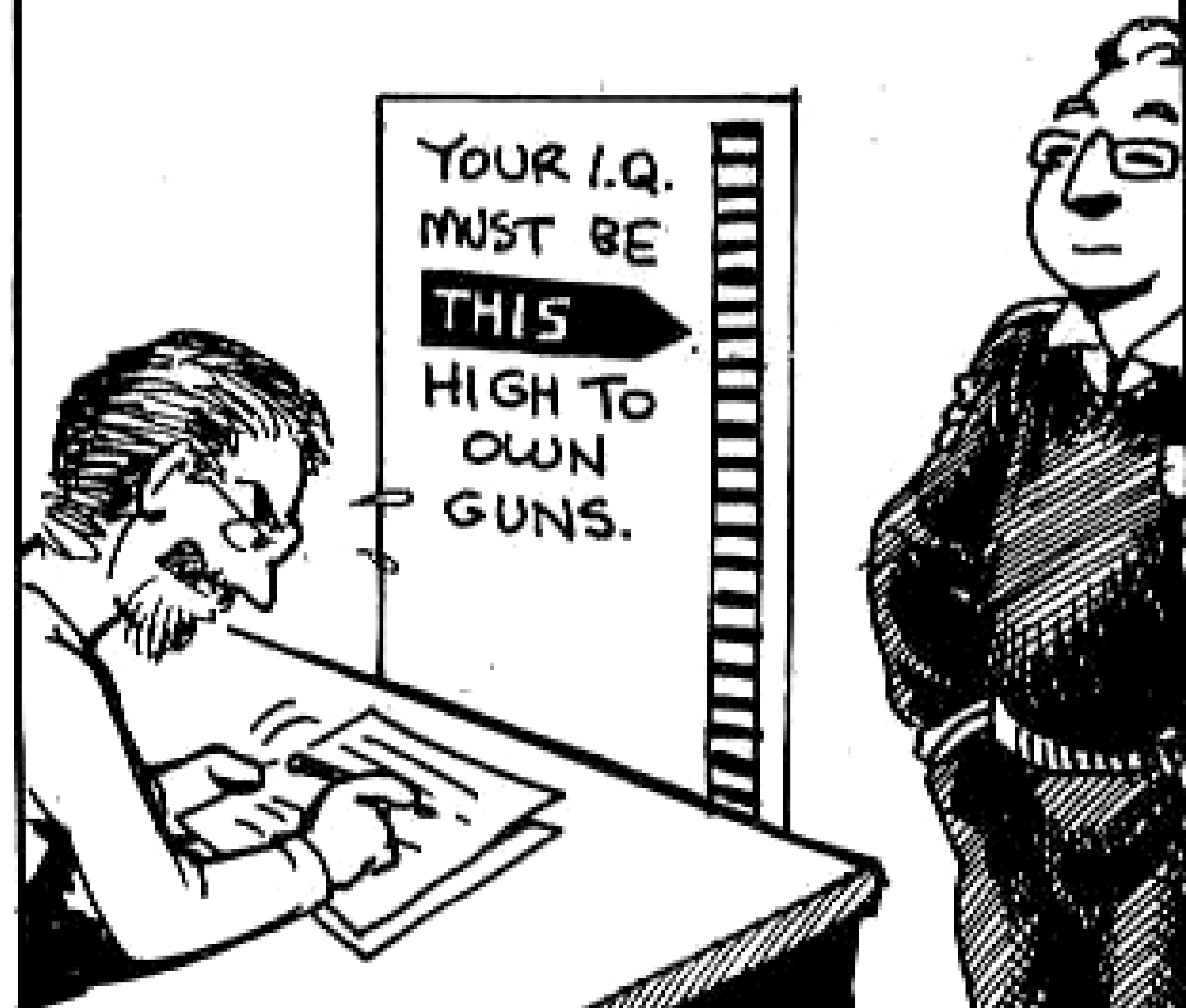
BUT - BUT I WANTED TO DO GOOD! THESE AREN'T THE RESULTS I WANTED!

THAT'S OKAY - WE'RE VERY HAPPY WITH THE RESULTS!



If you pass laws whose main result is to make life easier for criminals, murderers and wannabe Nazis, what does that make you? A man is known by his friends....

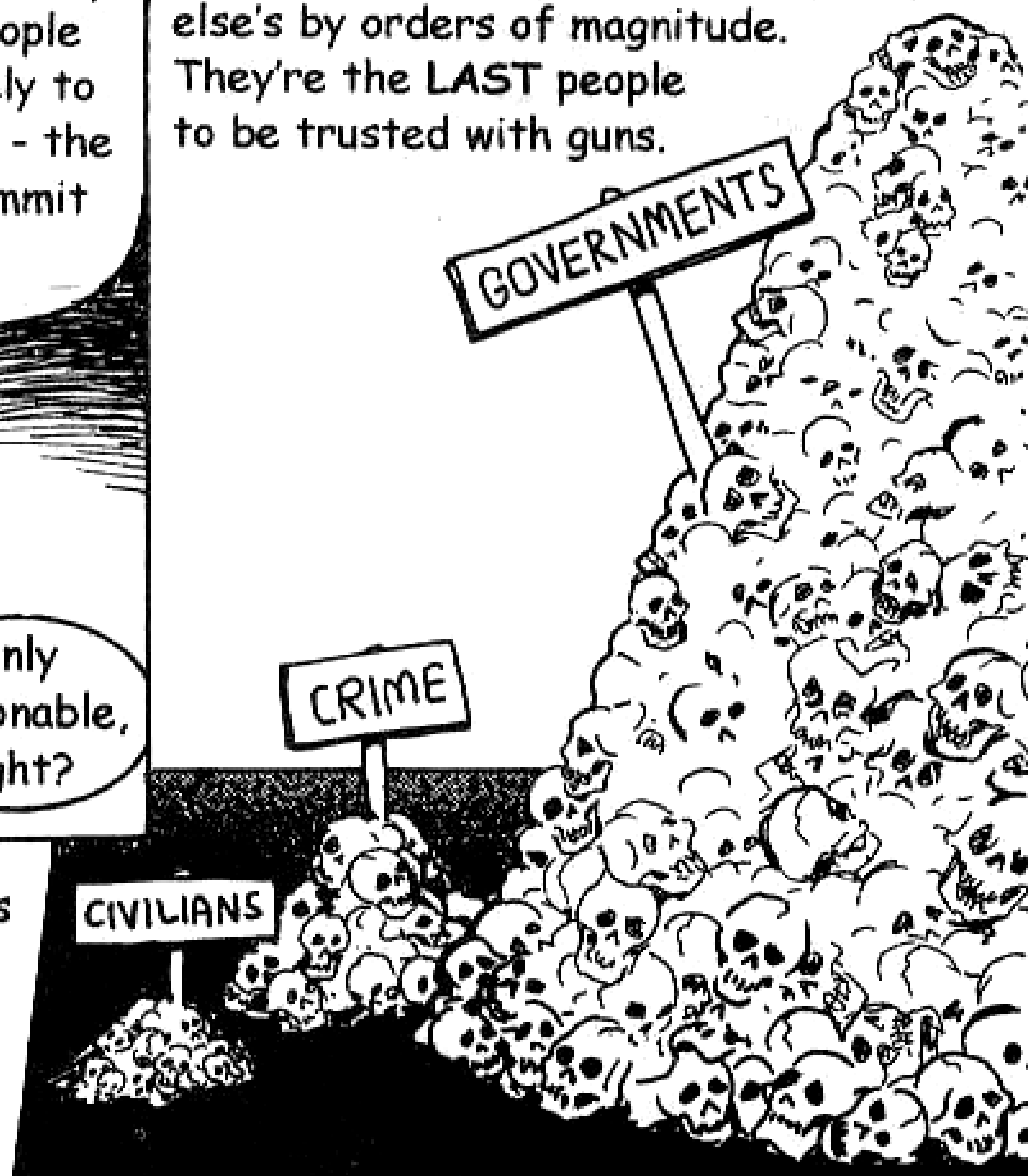
Of course nobody sane wants guns in the hands of lunatics, children or morons. The whole point of guns is that they are lethal weapons. I have no problem with gun safety training for firearm licenses, and other such sensible restrictions.



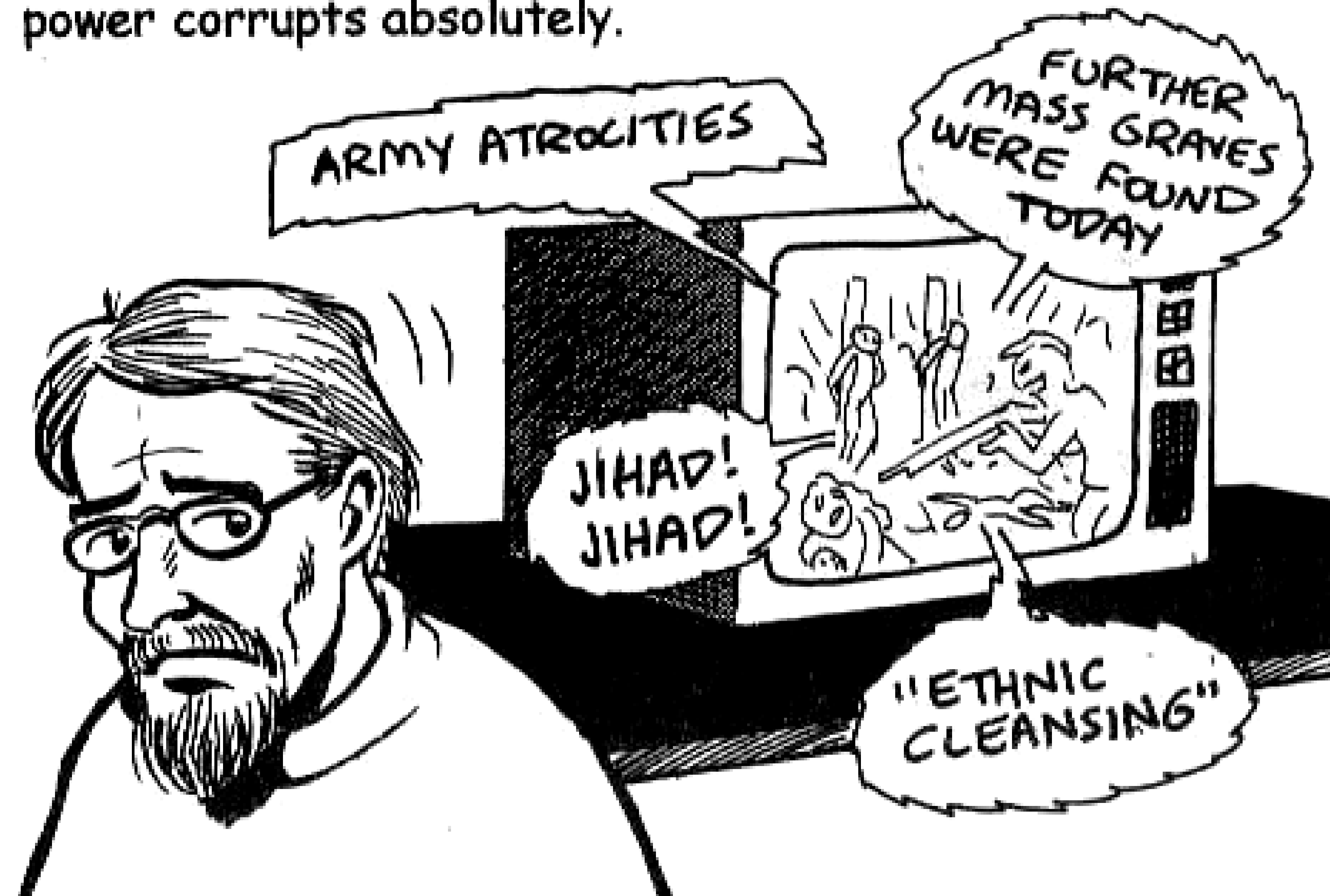
So if you want to reduce the volume of lethal weapons in circulation, you'd naturally start by disarming the people who are most likely to abuse their power - the most likely to commit murder.



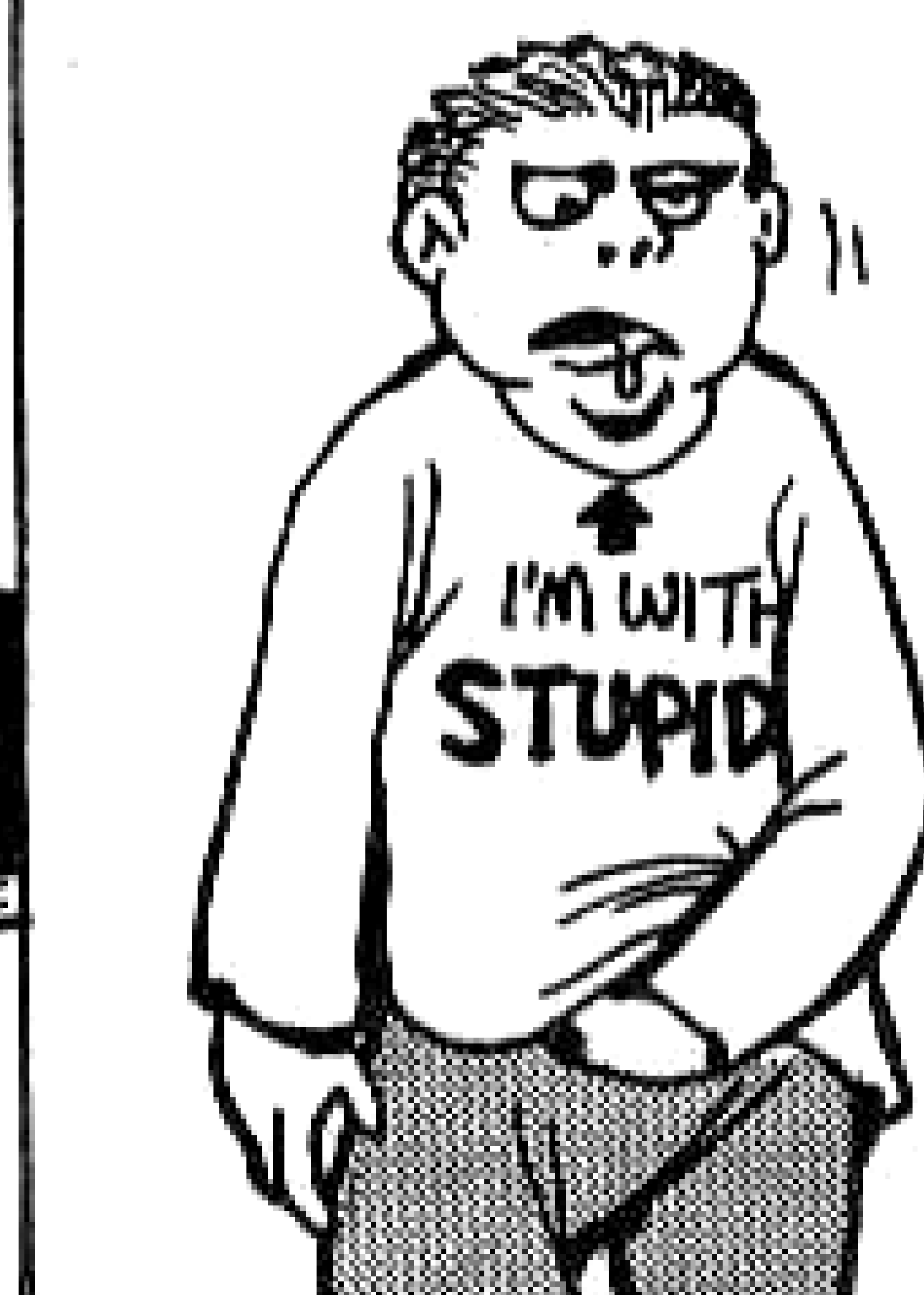
The problem is that governments have committed the vast majority of the 20th century's murders. The pile of their victim's skulls is bigger than anybody else's by orders of magnitude. They're the **LAST** people to be trusted with guns.



That's what makes gun control efforts run by governments so suspicious. Even if by some miracle the government does not attack it's disarmed citizens (and governments change!), concentrating all the country's firepower in government hands is **ALWAYS** a bad idea. The power of life and death over a population - with no fear of retaliation - is simply too great a temptation for many politicians.... As we see on the news with appalling regularity. Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.



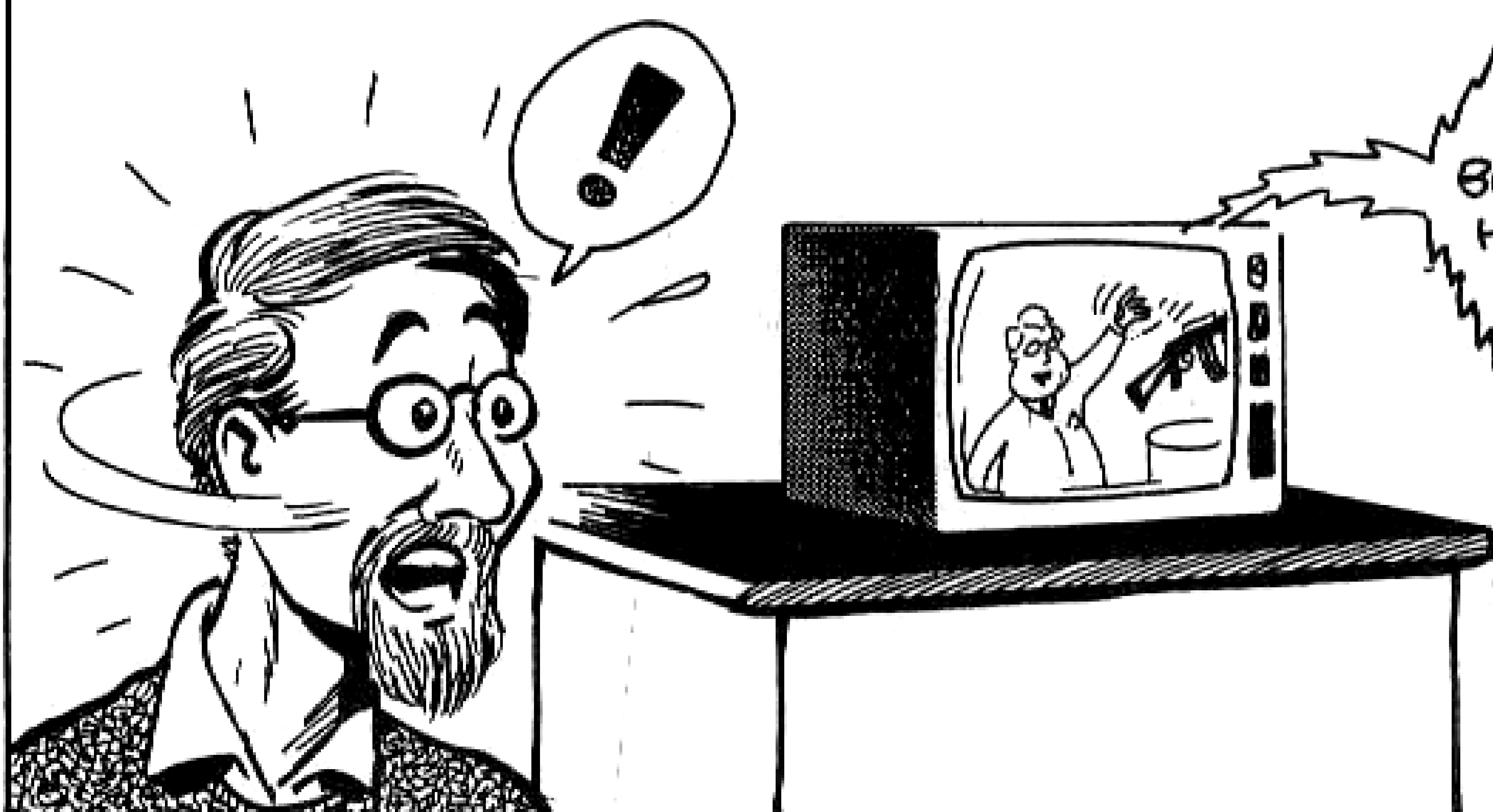
If a nation's citizens are too stupid and nasty to be trusted even with light hand weapons like pistols and rifles....



....Then they certainly can't be trusted with tanks, artillery and nukes. Putting on a uniform does not change human nature.



So my advice to you is to take no gun control effort seriously -Unless the government first shows a good example.



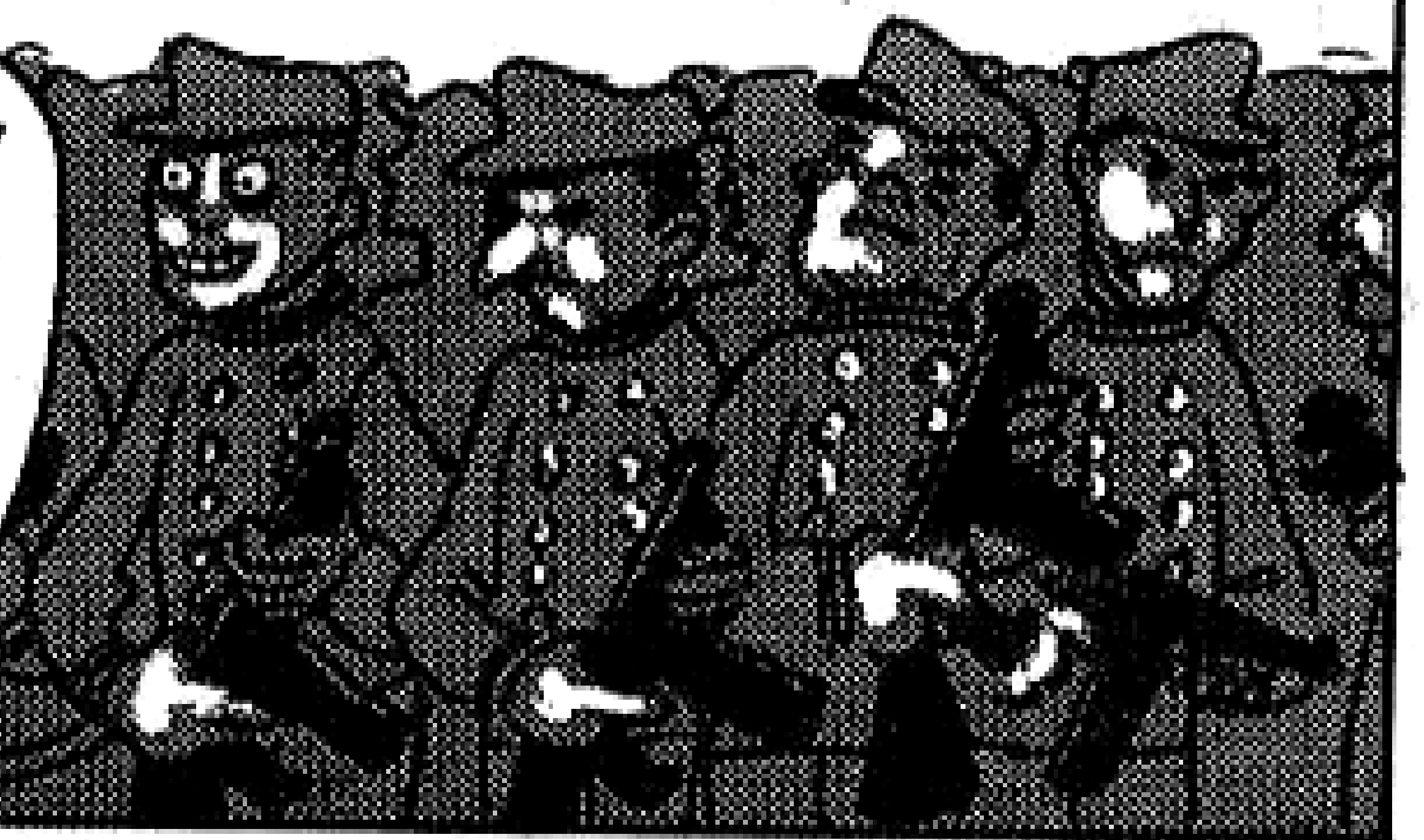
GOVERNOR ALCALI, THE STAUNCH GUN CONTROL ADVOCATE, ANNOUNCED TODAY THAT HE REALIZED THE GREAT HYPOCRISY OF ANNOUNCING THAT NO-BODY NEEDS A GUN WHILE SURROUNDING HIMSELF WITH HEAVILY ARMED POLICE GUARDS. THEREFORE, A TOTAL DISARMAMENT PROGRAM FOR THE ARMY AND POLICE WILL BEGIN TODAY....

....And I fear we will all be long dead of old age before **THAT** happens. Nobody gives up power voluntarily.

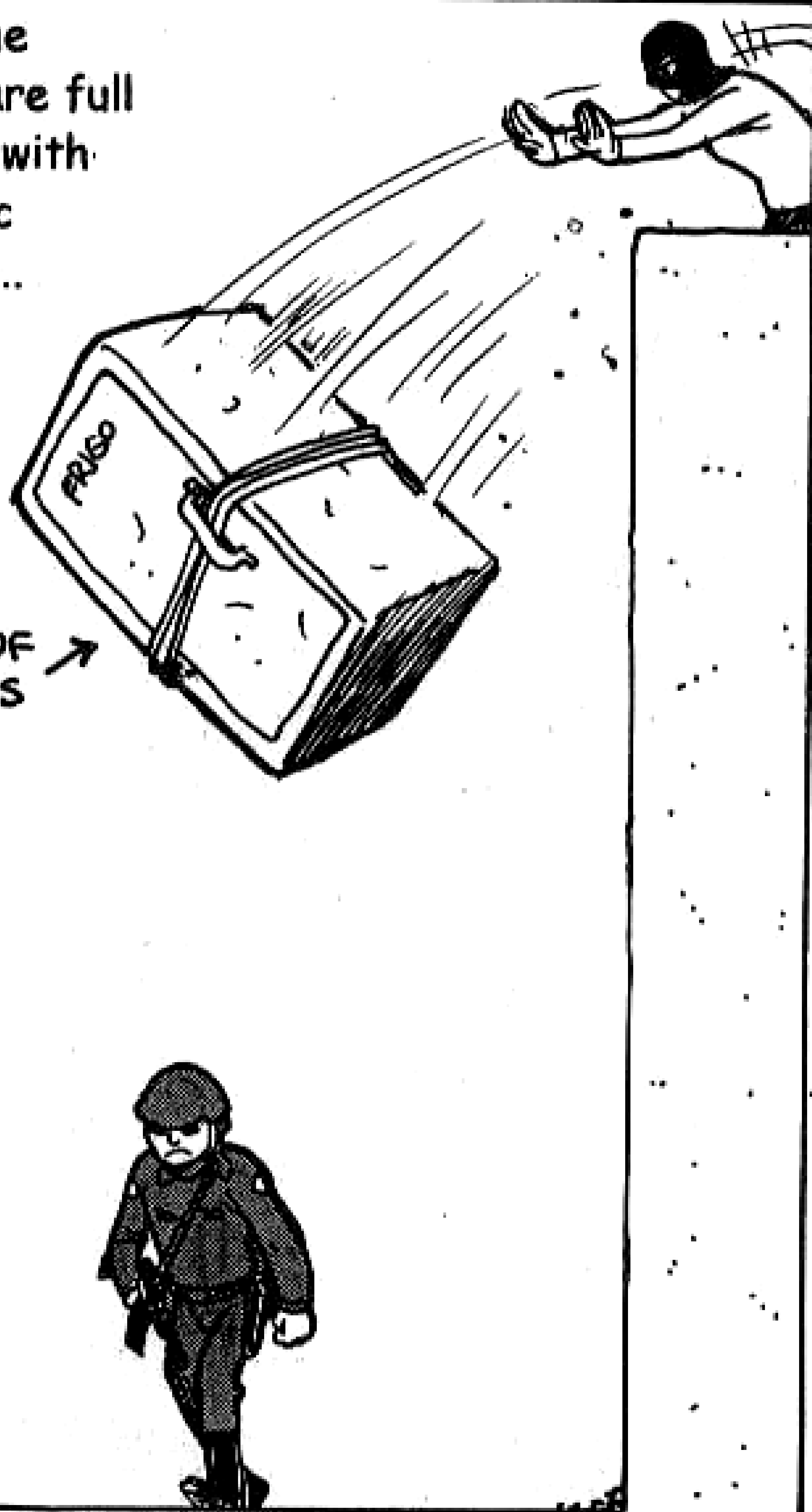
The whole question is pretty academic, anyway. To seriously disarm the population - And get me pissed off enough to revolt - the government would have to found a very repressive police state. To do that, you need huge numbers of heavily armed thugs.



BRAVE MEN
OF THE GESTAPO/KGB/
ATF/TONTON MACOUTE/
FILL-IN-THE-BLANK...
THE COUNTRY AND
THE FÜERER ARE
COUNTING ON YOU!



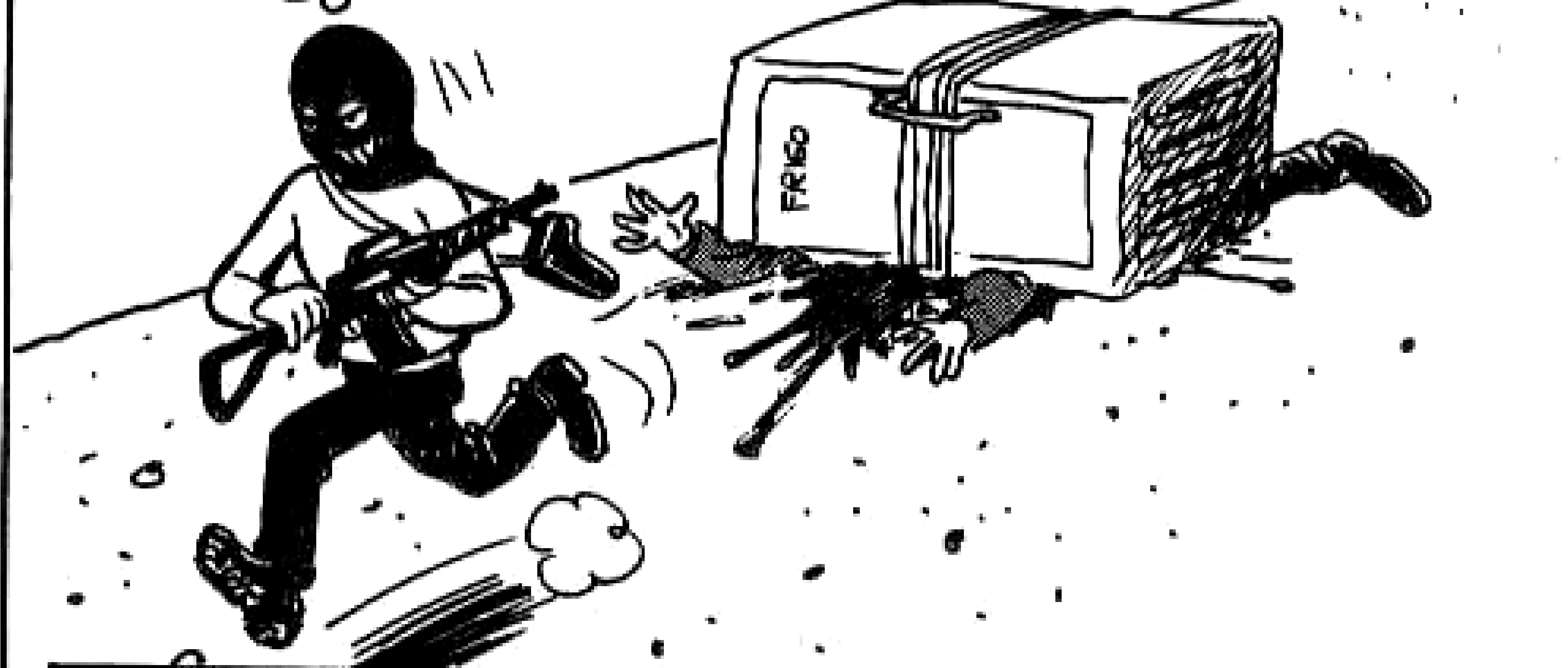
And if the
streets are full
of thugs with
automatic
weapons....



.....Then very soon, I will have automatic weapons.

And hey, if it's come down to civil war, who says guns are the best weapons? You can make decent napalm from gasoline and soap flakes, bombs from household ingredients, poisons from garden plants.....

I
COULD'VE
JUST BROKEN
IN AND **STOLEN**
THEM), BUT THIS
WAY IS MORE
FUN!



The best way to deal with "Gun Control" is to organize, vote, and keep yer guns legal in the first place. If you use the ballot box diligently, you won't have to resort to the bullet box!

YOU WANNA KEEP YOUR GUNS?
**THEN DON'T DO ANYTHING
STUPID WITH THEM!!**

LETHAL WEAPONS
ARE NOT FOR
MORONS!



END.

HELL, THE FAMOUS NINJA MARITAL
ARTS WEAPONS ARE BASICALLY
FARM IMPLEMENTS!

NOW IT'S A
GRAIN THRESHING
FLAIL...

...NOW IT'S A
NUNCHAKU!

OWW!



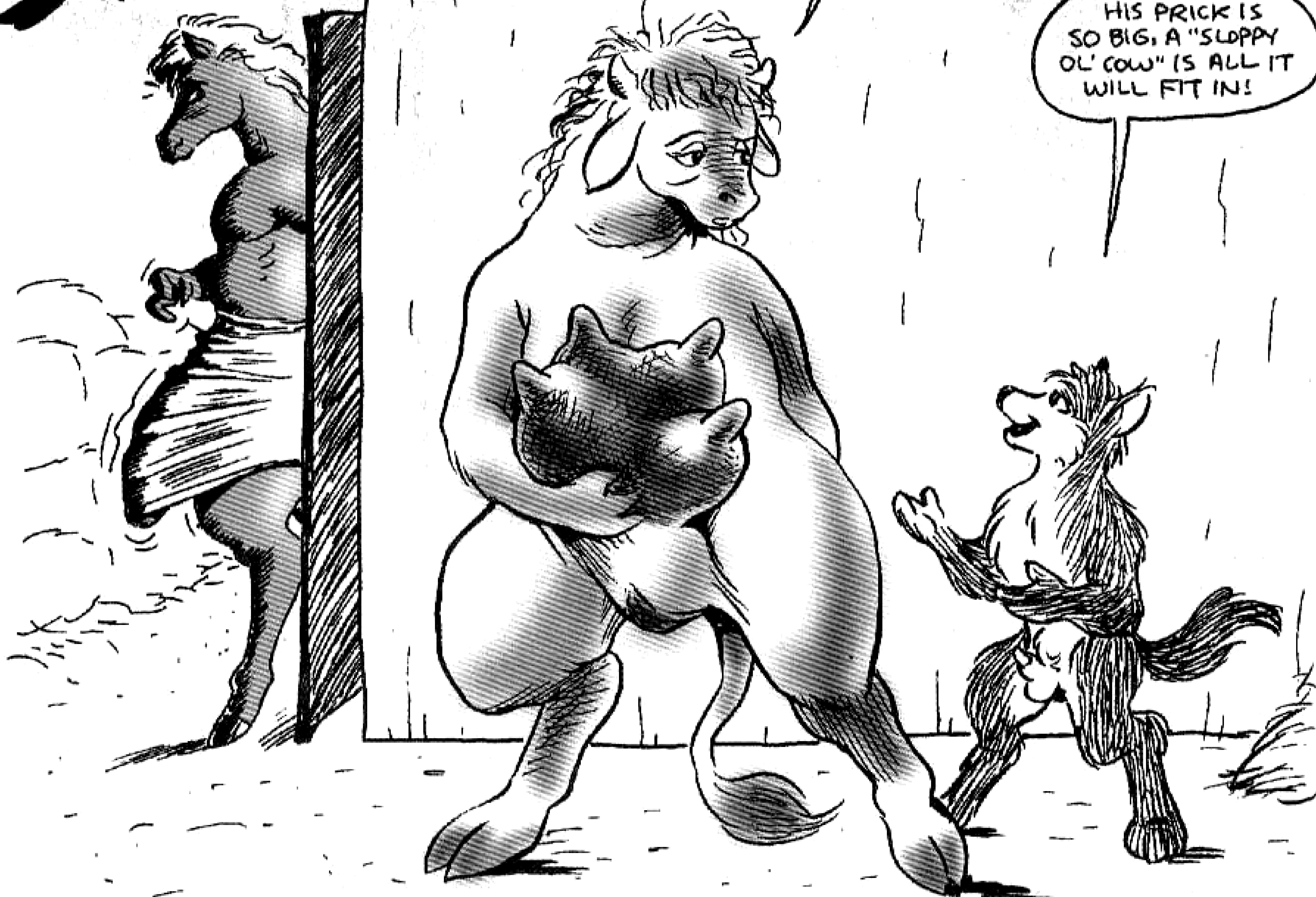
LIVE STOCK

IN "A FRIENDLY VISIT."

I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY REX BROUGHT ME NEWS OF A VISITOR. RARE ENOUGH IN ITSELF - BUT THIS WAS BLAZE, A HANDSOME YOUNG STALLION FROM THE NEXT FARM OVER.

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME. WHAT WOULD SOMEONE LIKE HIM WANT WITH A SLOPPY OL' COW LIKE ME?

HIS PRICK IS SO BIG, A "SLOPPY OL' COW" IS ALL IT WILL FIT IN!



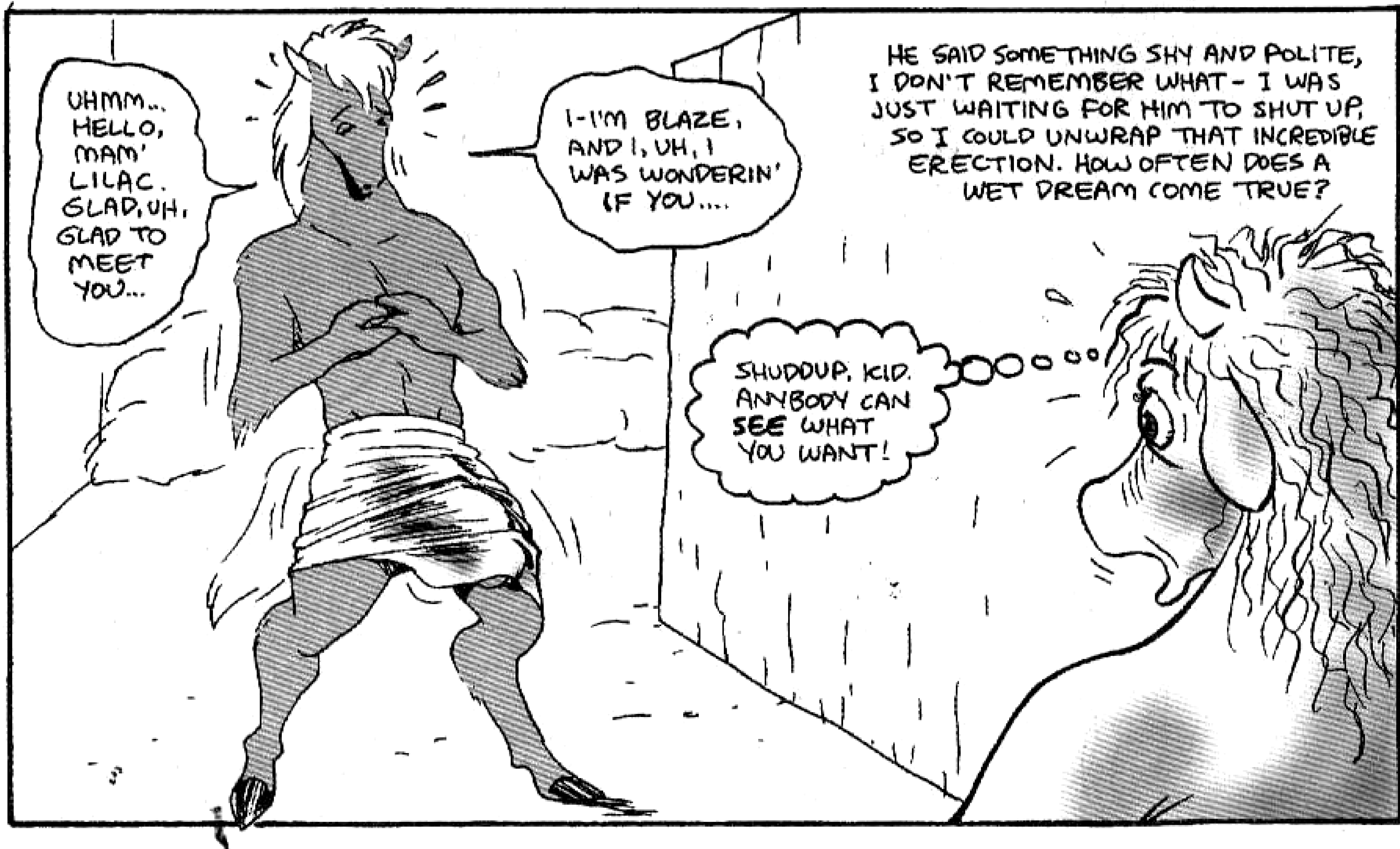
© KARNO '98

UHMM... HELLO, MAM' LILAC. GLAD, UH, GLAD TO MEET YOU...

I-I'M BLAZE, AND I, UH, I WAS WONDERIN' IF YOU....

HE SAID SOMETHING SHY AND POLITE, I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT - I WAS JUST WAITING FOR HIM TO SHUT UP, SO I COULD UNWRAP THAT INCREDIBLE ERECTION. HOW OFTEN DOES A WET DREAM COME TRUE?

SHUDDUP, KID. ANYBODY CAN SEE WHAT YOU WANT!



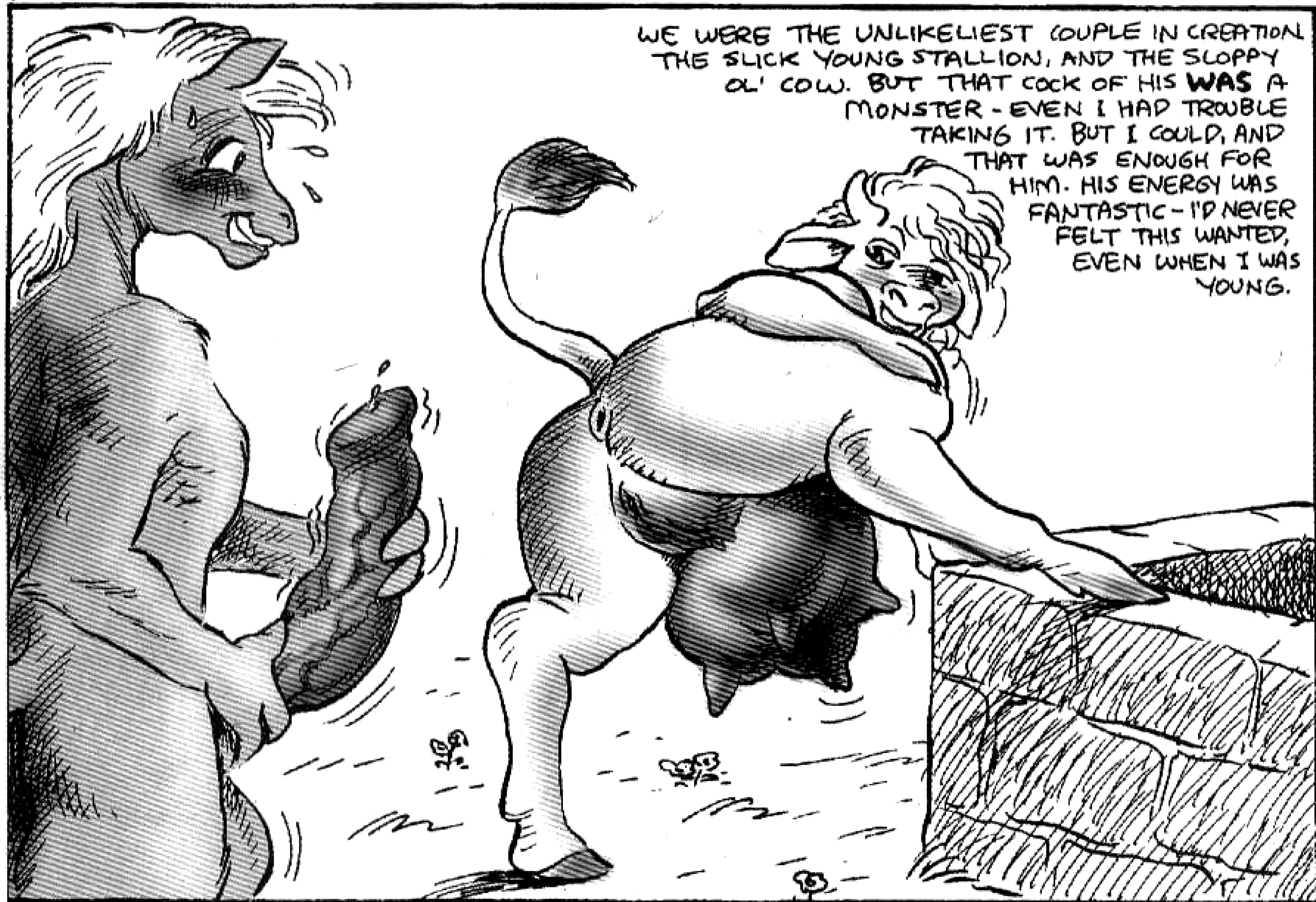
HE MAY HAVE TALKED SHY, BUT WHEN IT CAME DOWN TO THE ACTION, HE WAS A FIREBRAND! YOW!

OHHA AHH...OOO...

- NEVER DID I
EVER EXPECT TO FEEL LIKE
A VIRGIN AGAIN
AT MY
AGE!



WE WERE THE UNLIKELIEST COUPLE IN CREATION.
THE SLICK YOUNG STALLION, AND THE SLOPPY
OL' COW. BUT THAT COCK OF HIS WAS A
MONSTER - EVEN I HAD TROUBLE
TAKING IT. BUT I COULD, AND
THAT WAS ENOUGH FOR
HIM. HIS ENERGY WAS
FANTASTIC - I'D NEVER
FELT THIS WANTED,
EVEN WHEN I WAS
YOUNG.



HE MUST NOT HAVE GOTTEN ANY SEX IN A LONG TIME -

... IT WAS LIKE HE WAS TRYING TO DO A YEAR'S FUCKING IN A WEEK. IF I SO MUCH AS WINKED AT HIM, I HAD A GALLON OF COME IN ME FIVE MINUTES LATER.

I FINALLY GOT A BREAK, THANKS TO AN ENVIOUS YOUNG THING WHO MISTOOK MY MUTANT STALLION

SO WHAT'S HER SECRET?

HE MUST NOT HAVE GOTTEN ANY SEX IN A LONG TIME -

... IT WAS LIKE HE WAS TRYING TO DO A YEAR'S FUCKING IN A WEEK. IF I SO MUCH AS WINKED AT HIM, I HAD A GALLON OF COME IN ME FIVE MINUTES LATER.

I FINALLY GOT A BREAK, THANKS TO AN ENVIOUS YOUNG THING WHO MISTOOK MY MUTANT STALLION

SO WHAT'S HER SECRET?

SO WHAT'S HIS SECRET? MY TITS ARE TWICE THE SIZE OF HERS

SO WHAT'S HER SECRET? MY UDDERS ARE TWICE THE SIZE OF HERS!

UH...

HEY - FEEL FREE TO TRY HIM
OUT- HE'S NOT MY PROPERTY!

I FELT A BIT GUILTY WHEN I HEARD HER YELL AS BLAZE'S PRICK STRETCHED HER OUT. BUT HOW MANY CHANCES DO YOU GET TO SHOW THAT THERE'S STILL THINGS THE OLD COWS DO BETTER?

BESIDES, I NEEDED A REST. LORD, THAT HORSE WAS HORNY!

YEEIKES!

THE LOCAL STALLIONS FINALLY TOLD BLAZE TO GO HOME. FRIENDLY VISITS WERE FINE, BUT IT LOOKED TOO MUCH LIKE HE WAS PLANNING TO STAY PERMANENTLY. I THINK THEY WERE JUST JEALOUS OF HIS INCREDIBLE EQUIPMENT, FRANKLY.

THEY KNEW HE WASN'T AFTER THEIR MARES—HE'D HARDLY PULLED HIS COCK OUT OF ME FOR A WEEK.

THE FAREWELL FUCK WAS FRENZIED. HE PUMPED ME SO HARD, I SLID FROM ONE END OF THE BARN TO THE OTHER.

AAH
AAH
AAH
IT'S JUST AS WELL WE'RE SPLITTING UP FOR AWHILE.

YOU'VE FUCKED ME SO MUCH MY UDDERS THINK I MUST BE PREGNANT!

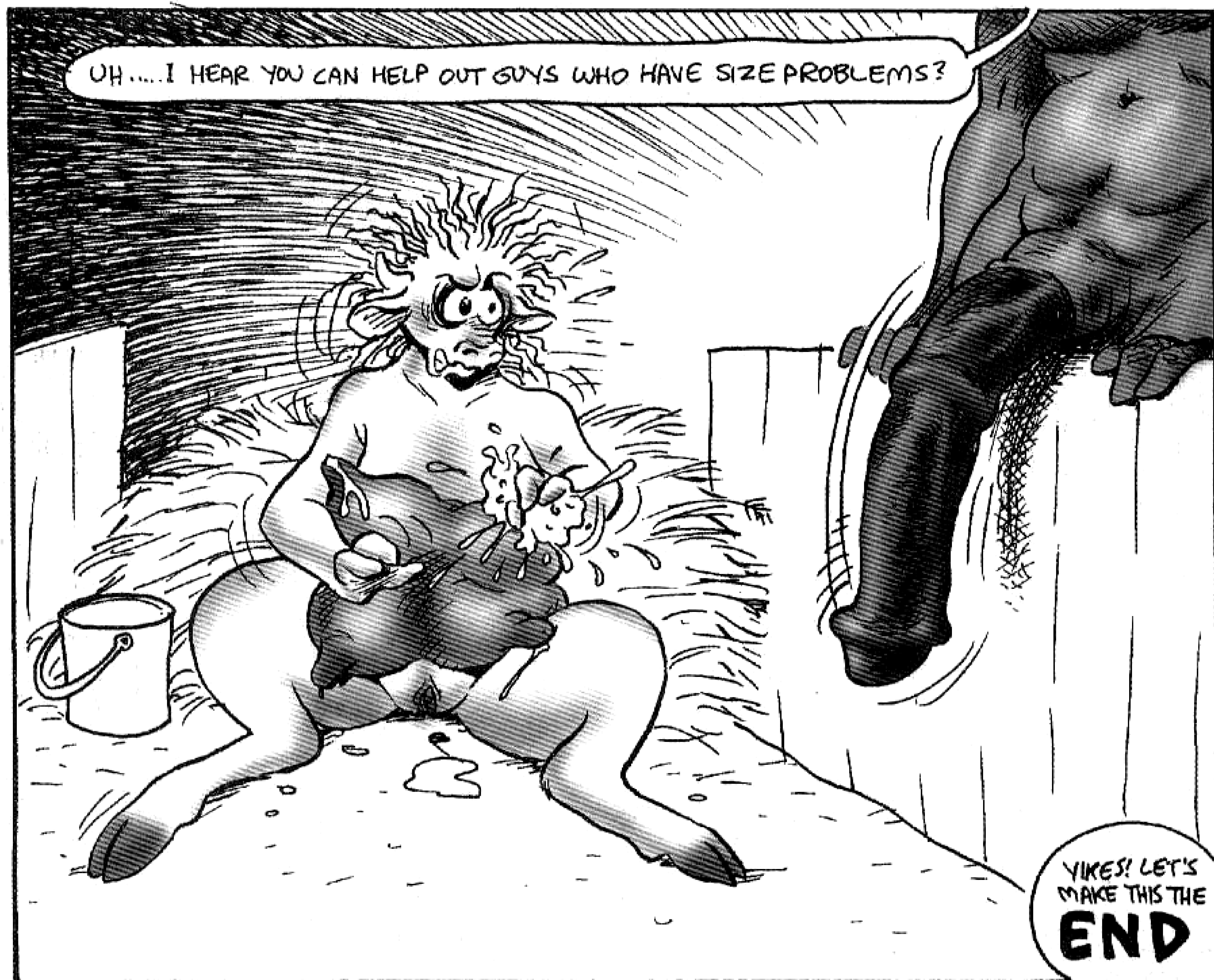
LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THE BUGGERS!

HEH. THAT WAS A GREAT EXPERIENCE.
JUST GOES TO SHOW I AIN'T DEAD
YET- THERE'S STILL STUDS
WHO WANT MY BODY.

....BUT IT SURE IS NICE TO
SIT DOWN IN MY COZY LIL'
STALL AND SPONGE OFF
THESE SWOLLEN TEATS
OF MINE...



UH.....I HEAR YOU CAN HELP OUT GUYS WHO HAVE SIZE PROBLEMS?



HARD AT WORK

CONSIDERING THE SIZE
OF BOSSY'S TEATS, I'M
SURPRISED SHE DOESN'T
GIVE MORE
MILK!

Hm...

...COWS DON'T REALLY
START TO GIVE MILK
UNTIL THEY'VE HAD
THEIR FIRST CALF.
AFTER BOSSY HAS HER
FIRST, SHE'LL GIVE
PLENTY OF MILK.

...BUT OF COURSE, FIRST SHE HAS TO GET PREGNANT...

...WELL, THAT'S OXY'S JOB,
ISN'T IT?

HEY, OXY!
WHY DON'T YOU
DO YOUR JOB AND
GET BOSSY
PREGNANT?!

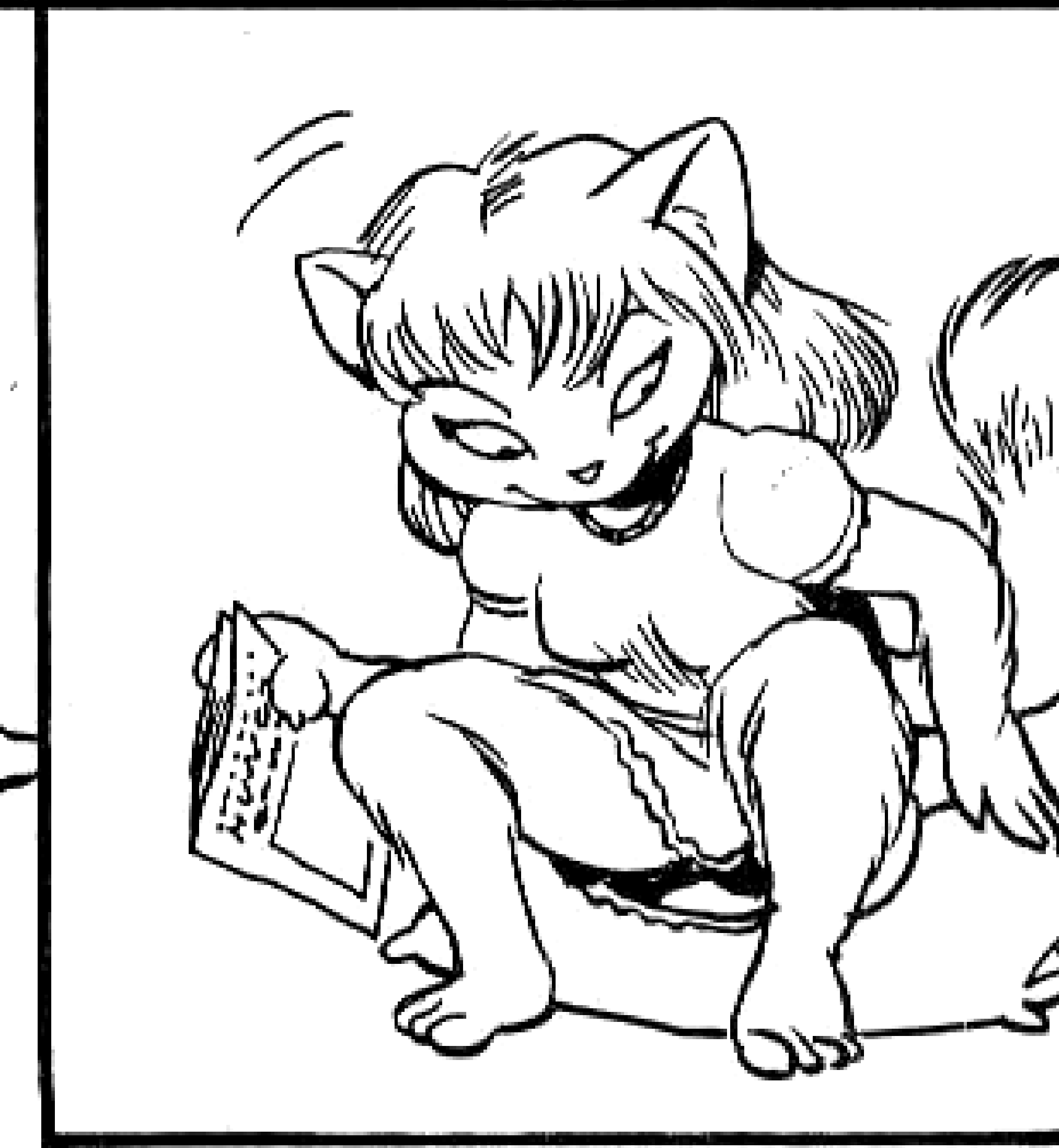
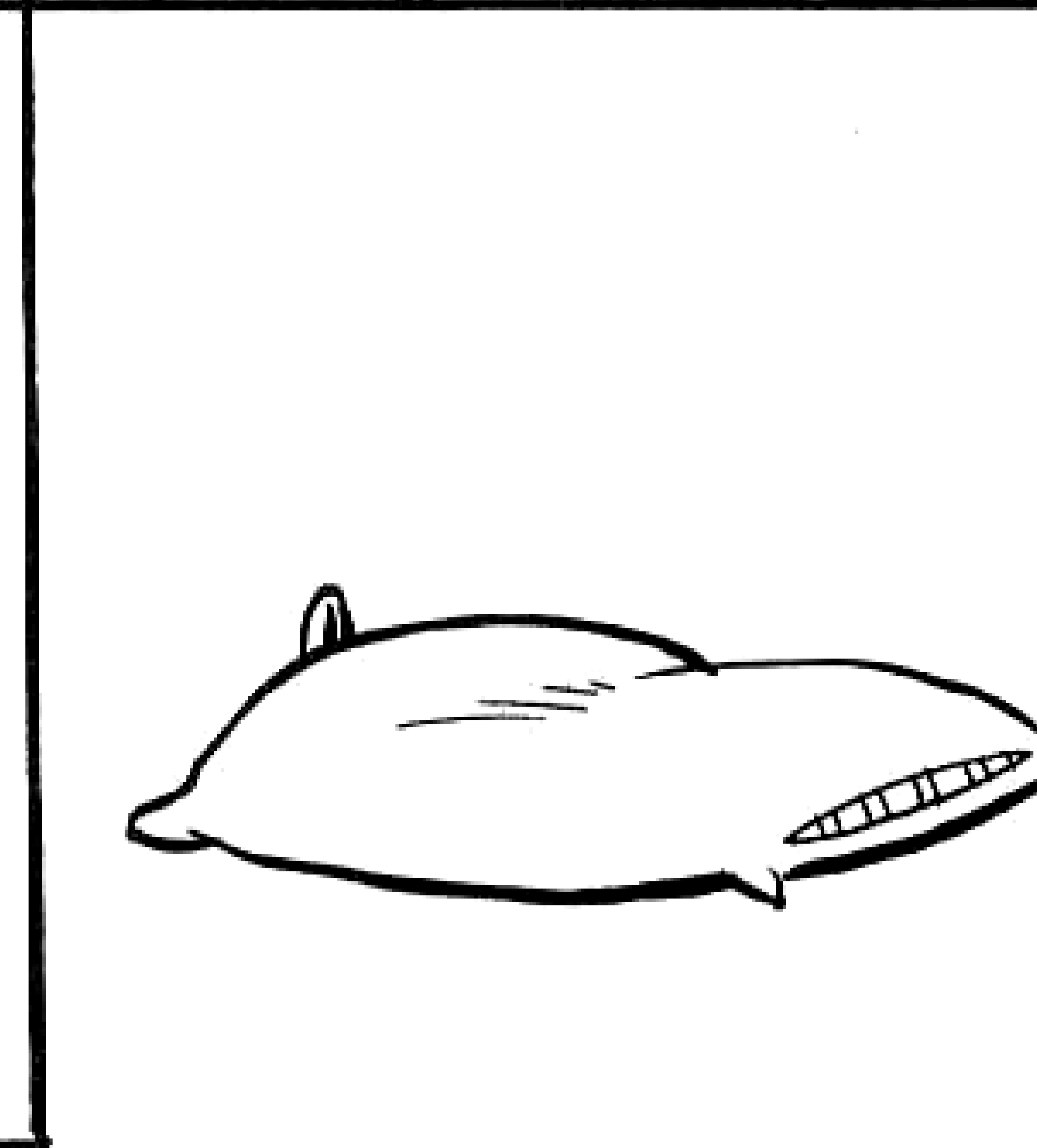
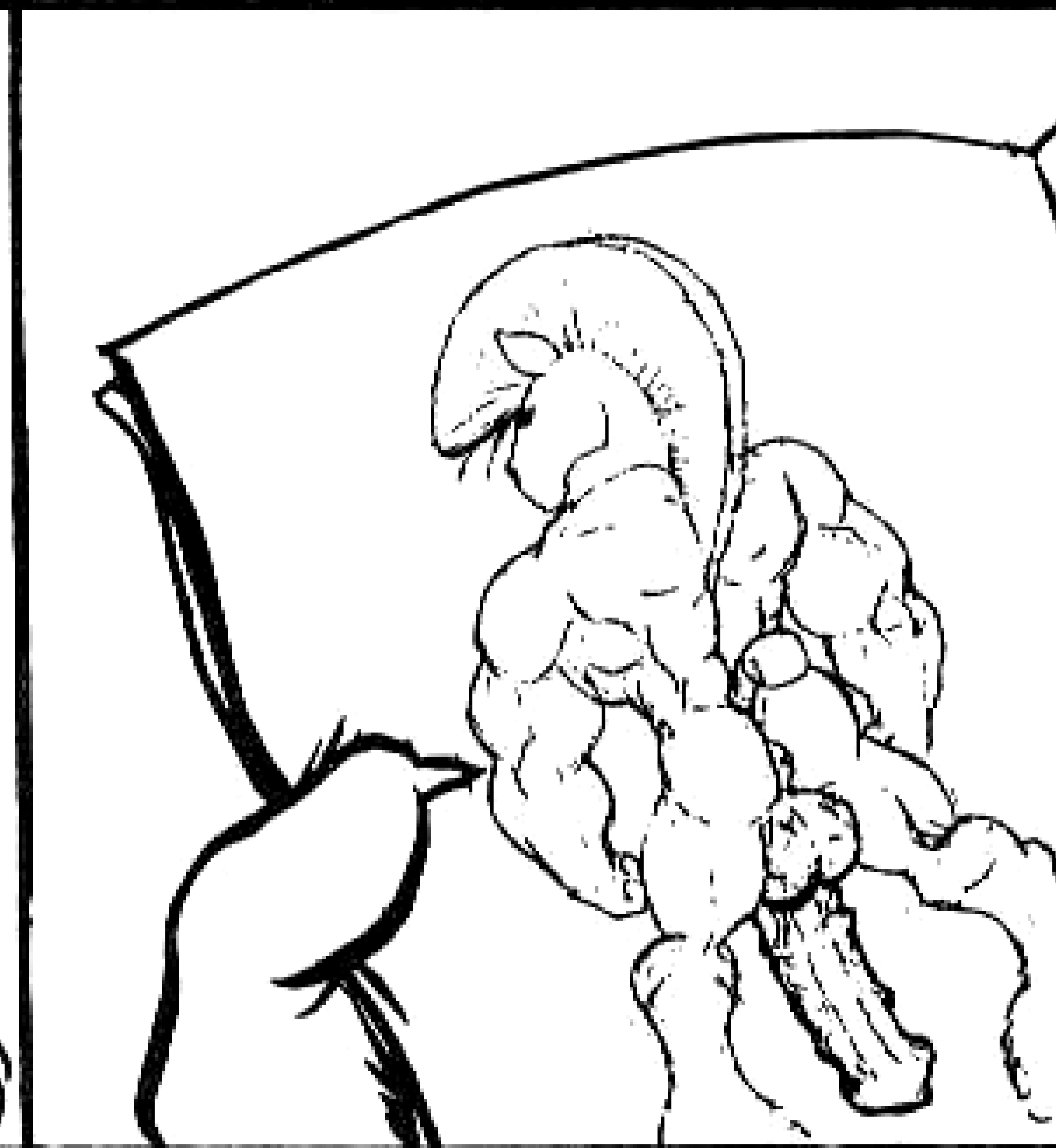
I'M TRYING!

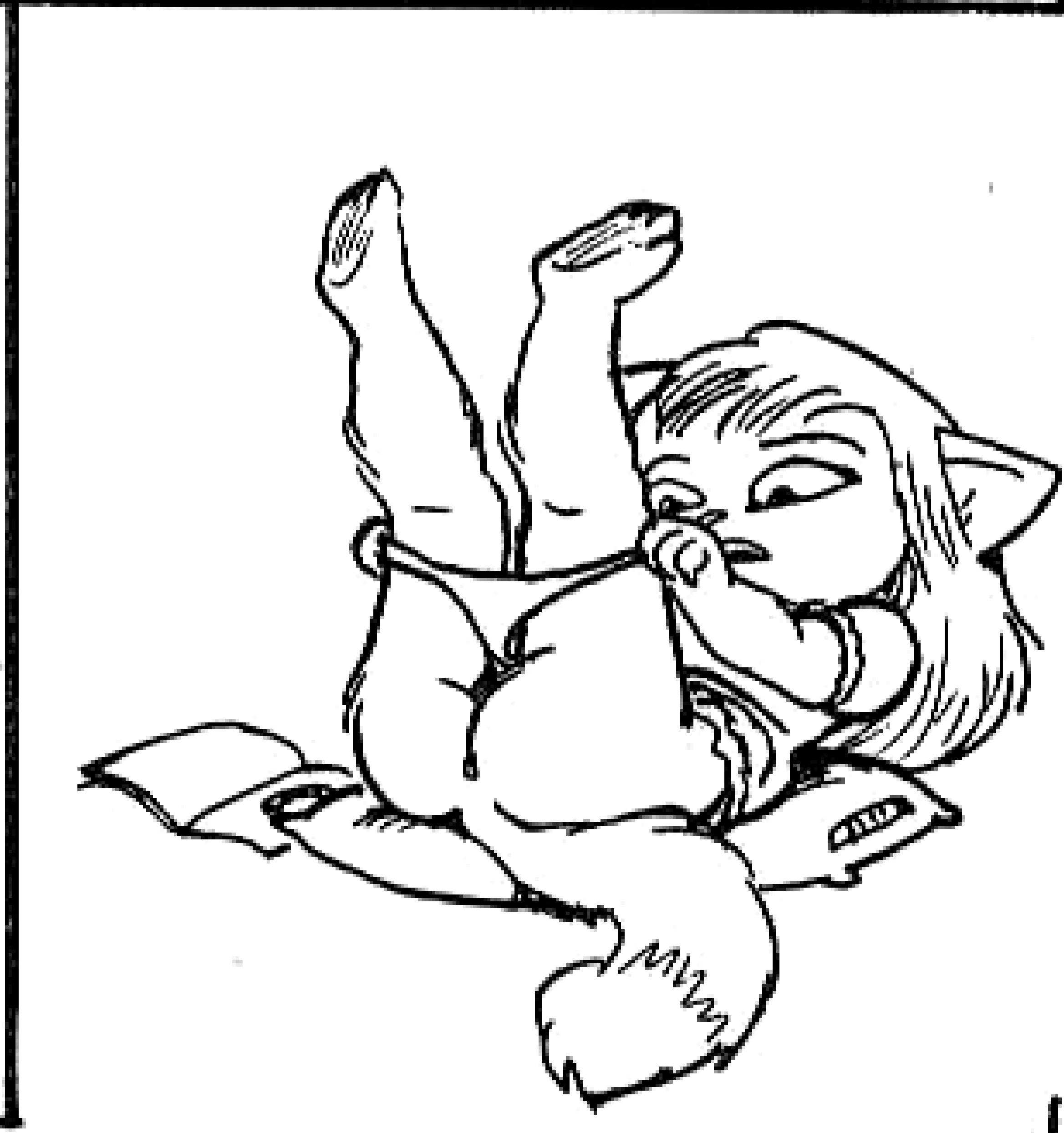


PICCA

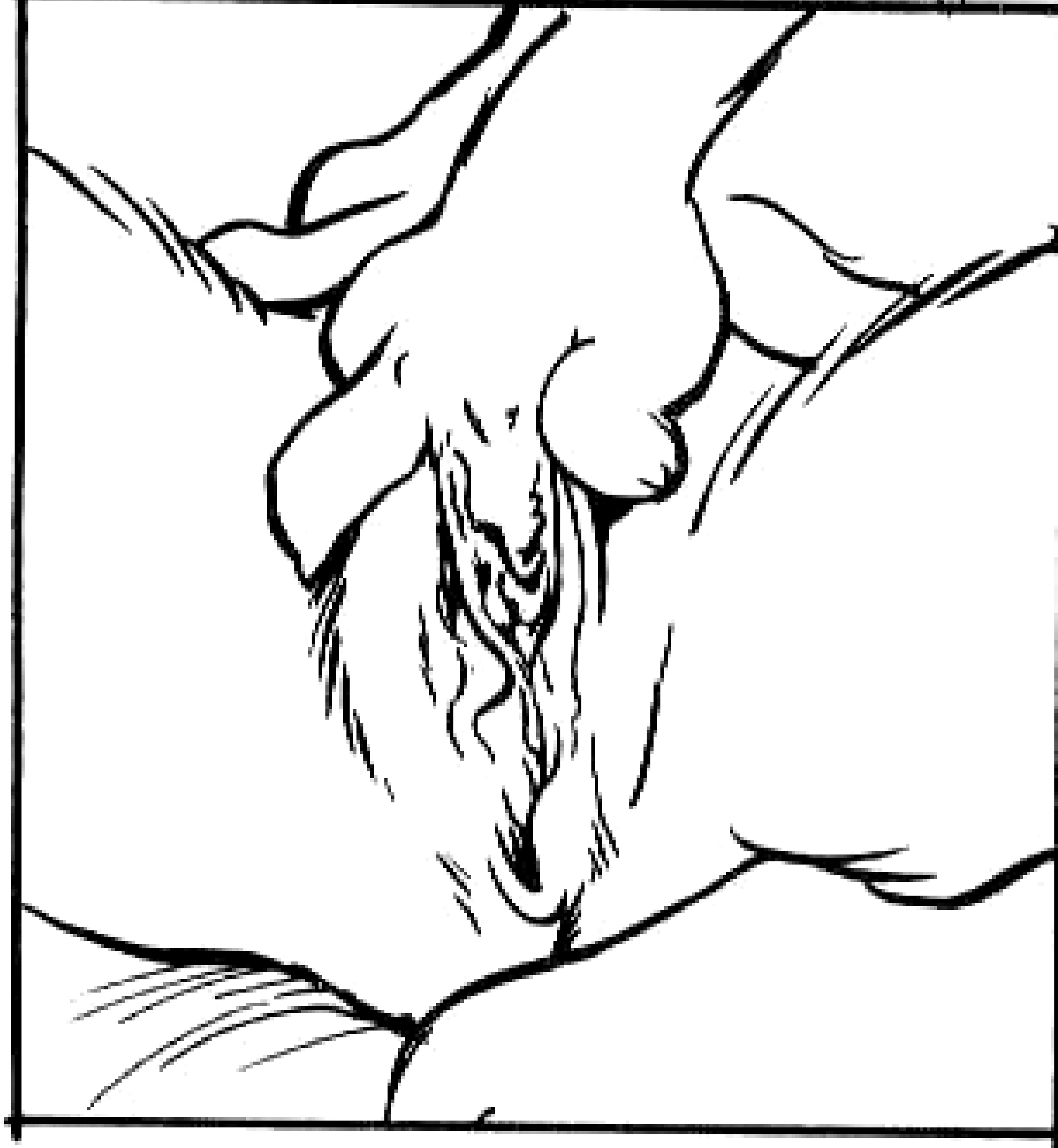
DOES IT HERSELF

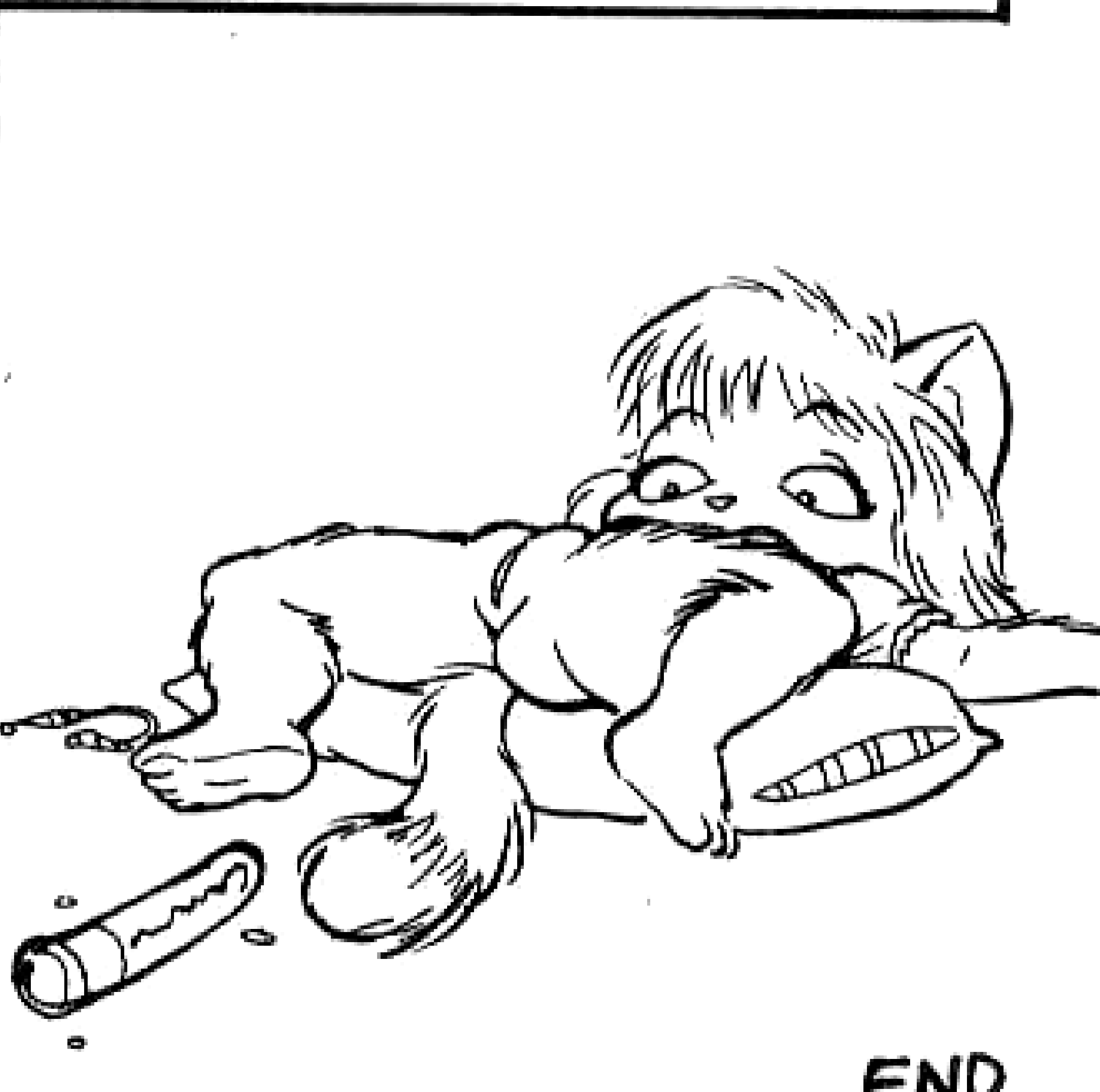
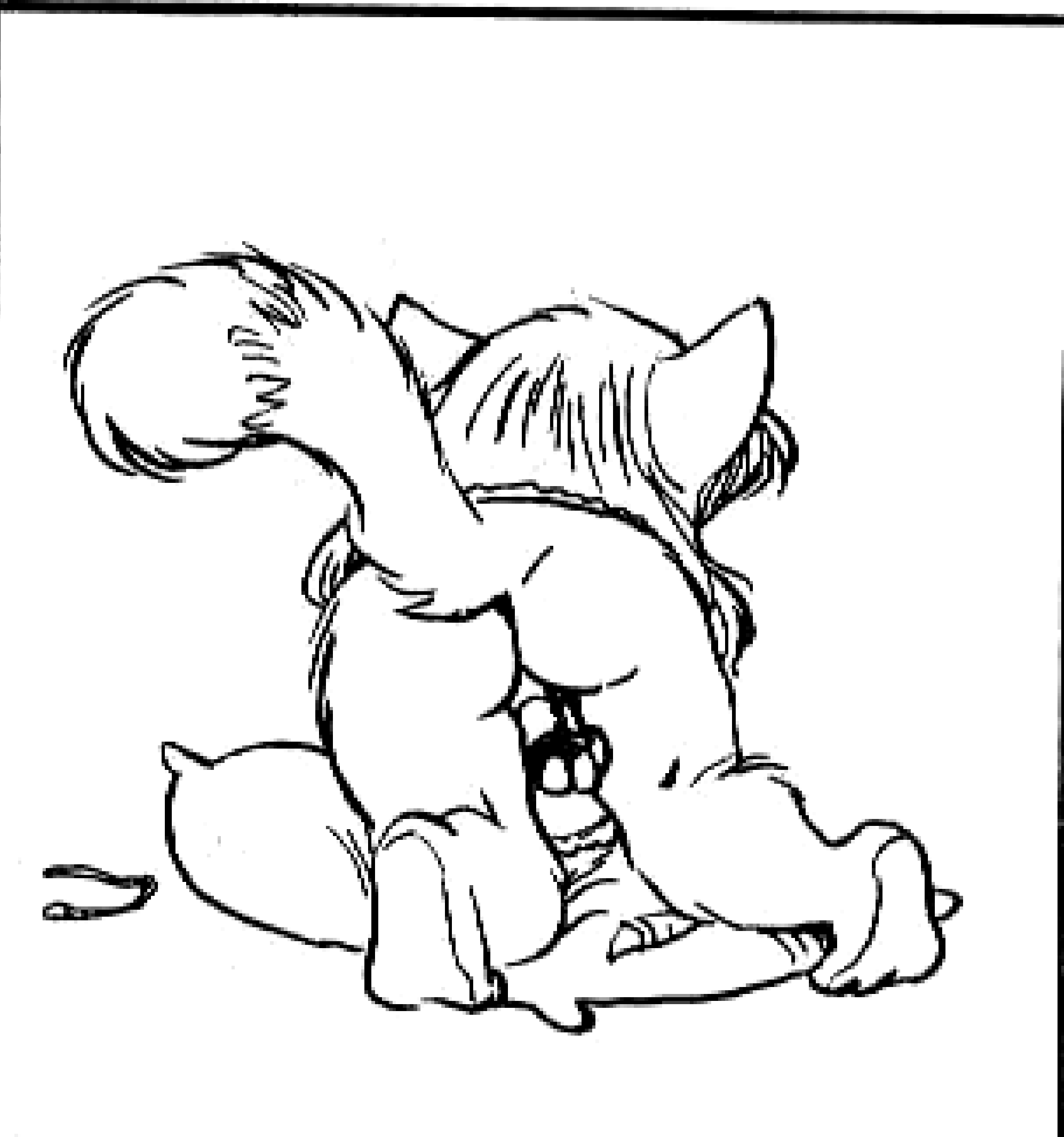
BY NONNY & KARNO © 1999
Studs by Gideon











END.

A LITTLE JOKE

WELL,
© KARTEN '98
that it was funny.

SO WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ME
TO DRAW FOR
YOU?

ONE OF YOUR
BULLS WITH A
BIG, Y'KNOW
....

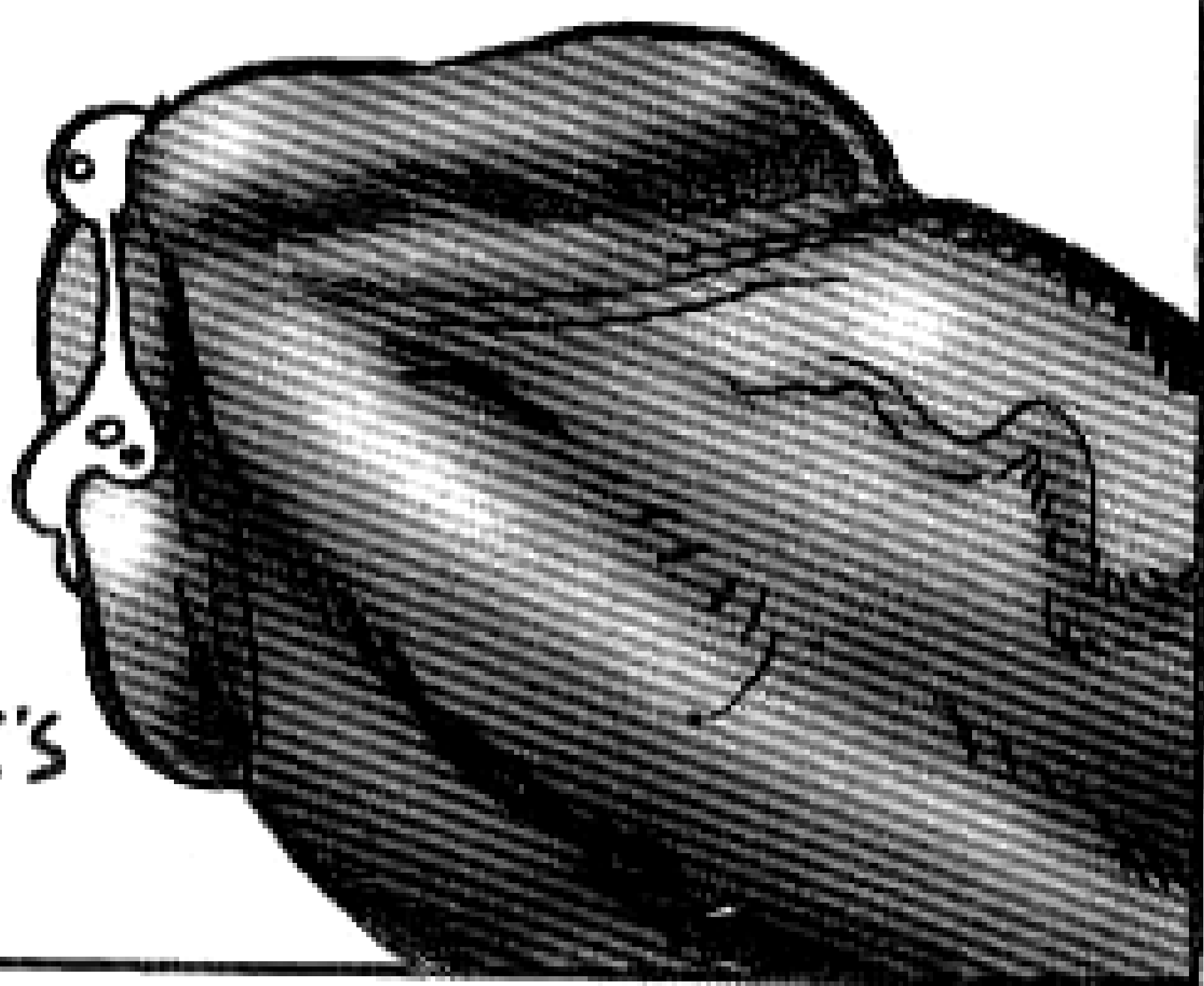


PUPPY

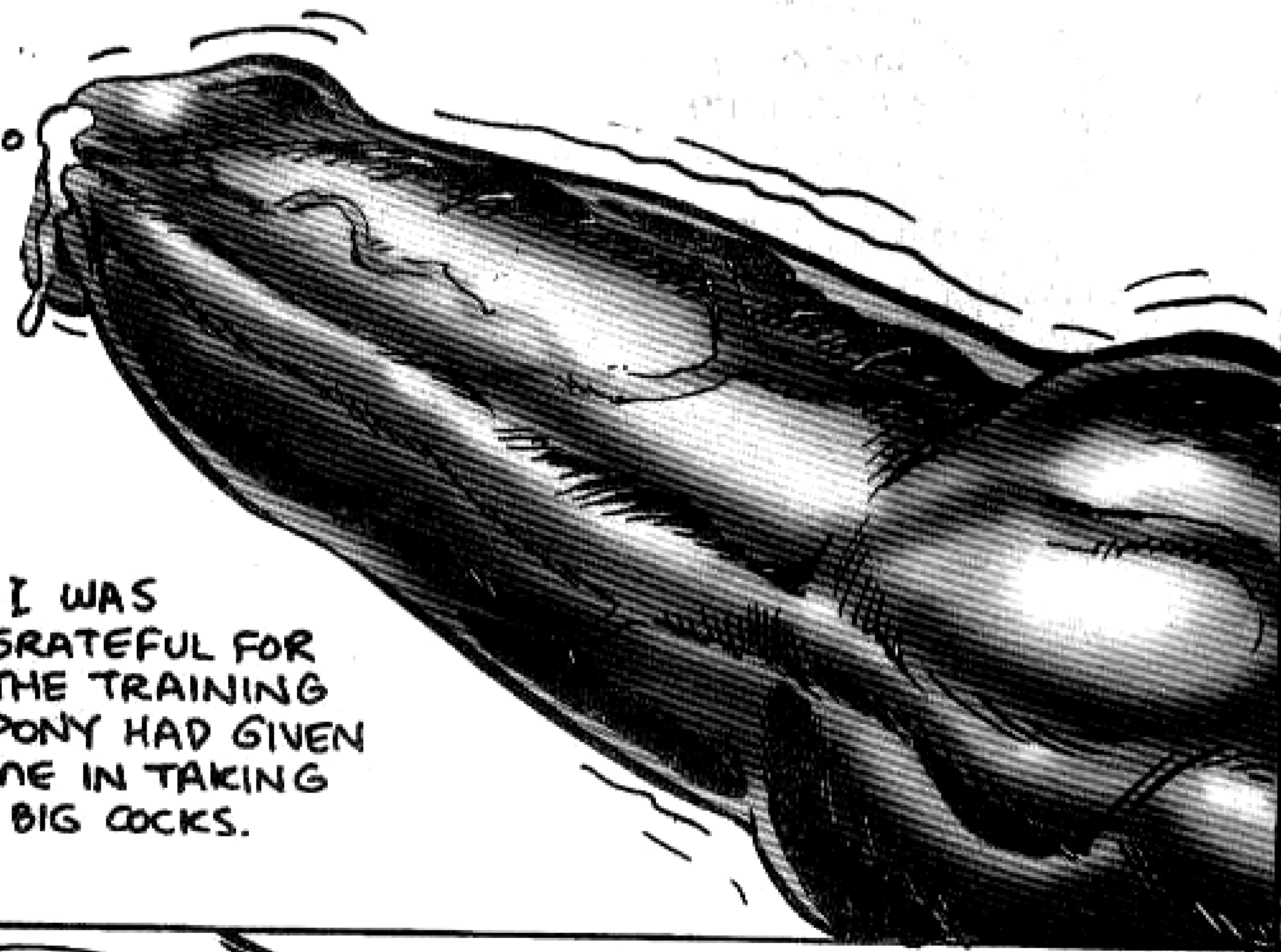
CHAPTER 2.

BY KARN0 © 2001, Gods help me...

PONY
WASN'T
KIDDING
ABOUT THE
SIZE OF REX'S
COCK.



WHEN I FIRST MET REX, HE LIT UP, AND POPPED THE
BIGGEST ERECTION I'D EVER SEEN ON A DOG. OVER
TWICE THE SIZE IT SHOULD BE!



I WAS
GRATEFUL FOR
THE TRAINING
PONY HAD GIVEN
ME IN TAKING
BIG COCKS.

BDMP
BDMP
BDMP

THAT
MONSTER PRONG
SPENT ALMOST
ALL YESTERDAY INSIDE
ME. THE FUCKING WENT
ON ALL OVER THE FARM.

BY NIGHTFALL, I WAS EXHAUSTED,
AND DRIPPING CUM FROM EVERY
HOLE I HAD. REX'S STAMINA GOES
WITH HIS HIS DICK - IT'S MASSIVE.

HE MUST BE PROUD OF SUCH A TOOL....

I'M STUDYING IT CLOSE UP THIS MORNING.
REX HAS FOUND ANOTHER USE FOR MY
CUNT THAN JUST POUNDING IT
NON STOP....



.....A
TRADE
ITEM.

BEAUTIFUL,
ISN'T IT?



REX HAS WANTED SOMETHING OF THE RAM'S FOR A LONG TIME. NOW HE FINALLY HAS SOMETHING TO TRADE.

BUT YOU WANNA
FUK LAMBS!
LAMBS
MINE!

REMEMBER HOW YOU
ENDED UP HERE? YOUR
OLD FARMER WAS AFRAID
YOU'D HURT THE SHEEP
WITH THAT
MONSTER.

THROB

IF YOU POP
THEIR CHERRIES
WITH THAT,
YOU'LL MAKE
THEM AFRAID
OF SEX!

LOOK! MINE'S SMALLER THAN
YOURS - I'M LOOSENING 'EM
UP FOR YOU, GETTING 'EM
READY! I'M DOING YOU
A FAVOR! YOU'LL
BE FUCKIN' EM
ALL SEASON,
ANYWAY!

BASTARD!
DEAL!

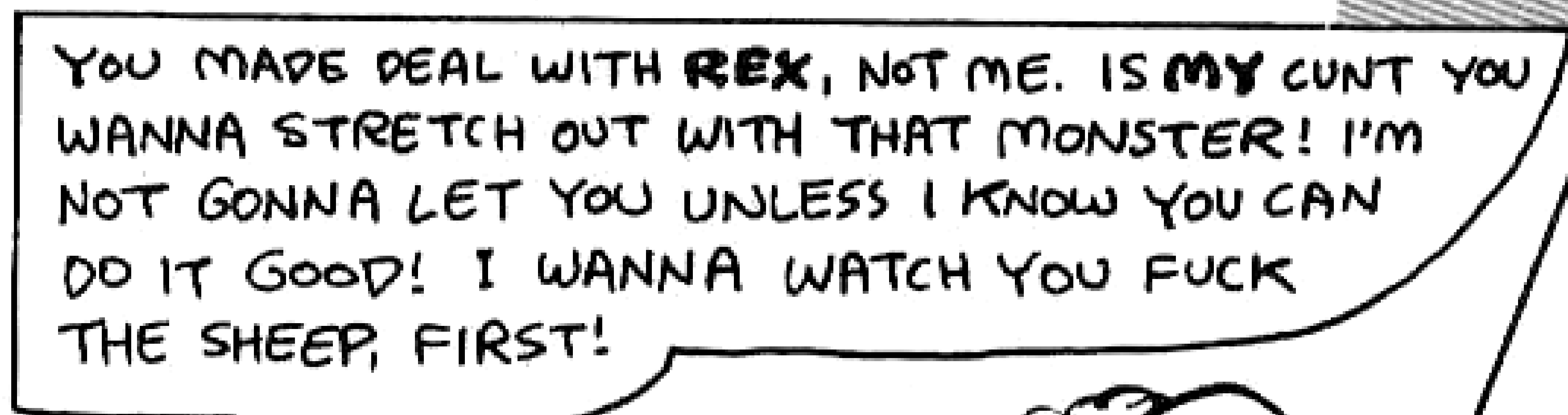
WA
HEY!

GONNA BE
HARD TO WORK
THE Paddock AN' NOT
BE ALLOWED TO TOUCH
THIS PINK, TIGHT
PUSSY...

THANKS,
RAM!
YOU'LL
BE
GLAD!

YEA.
BUT WILL
PUPPY
BE GLAD?!

THROB
THROB



MEANWHILE...

HELLO, GIRLS!

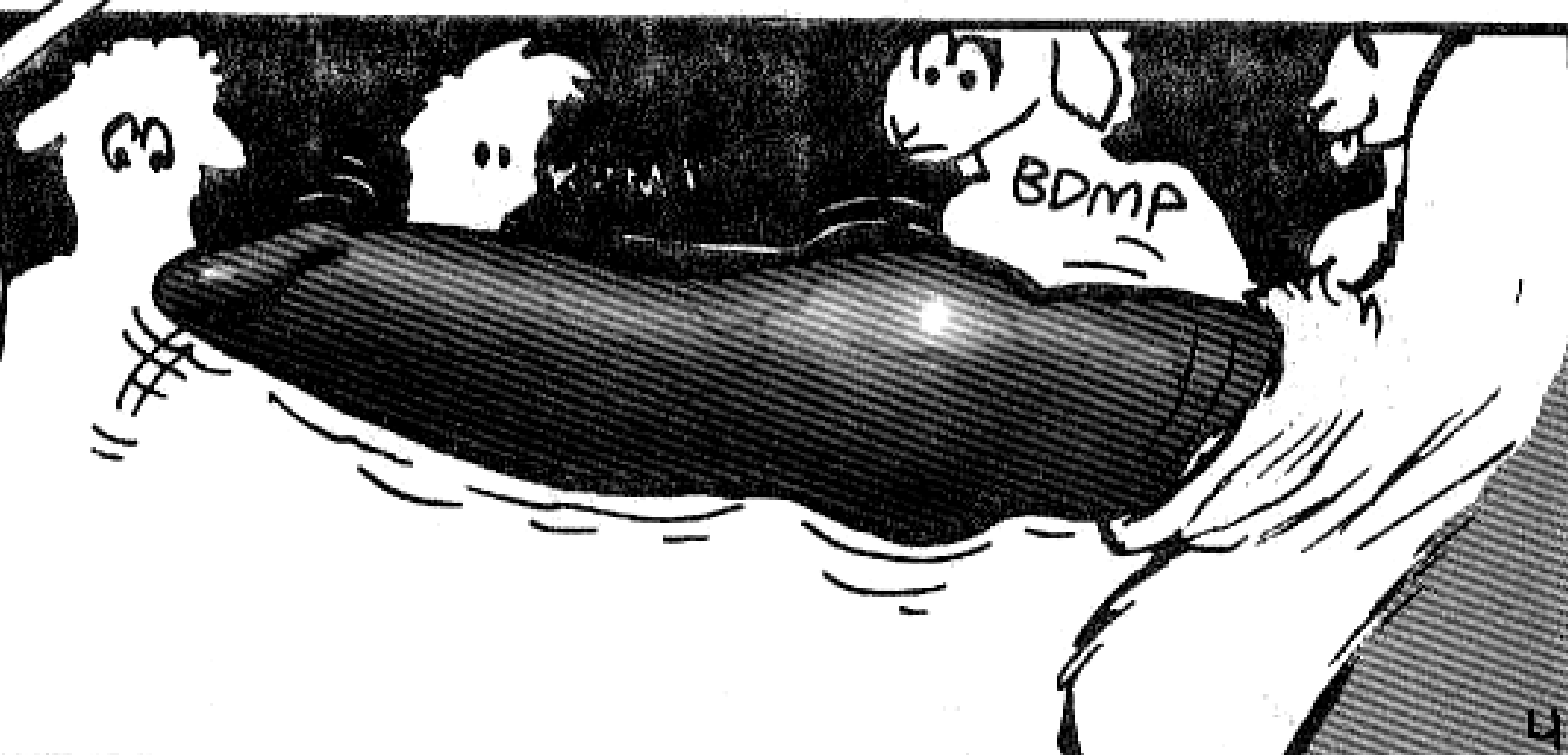
YOU'RE WAITING FOR YOUR FIRST COVERING BY THE RAM, RIGHT? WELL, I'M TAKING HIS PLACE, TODAY!

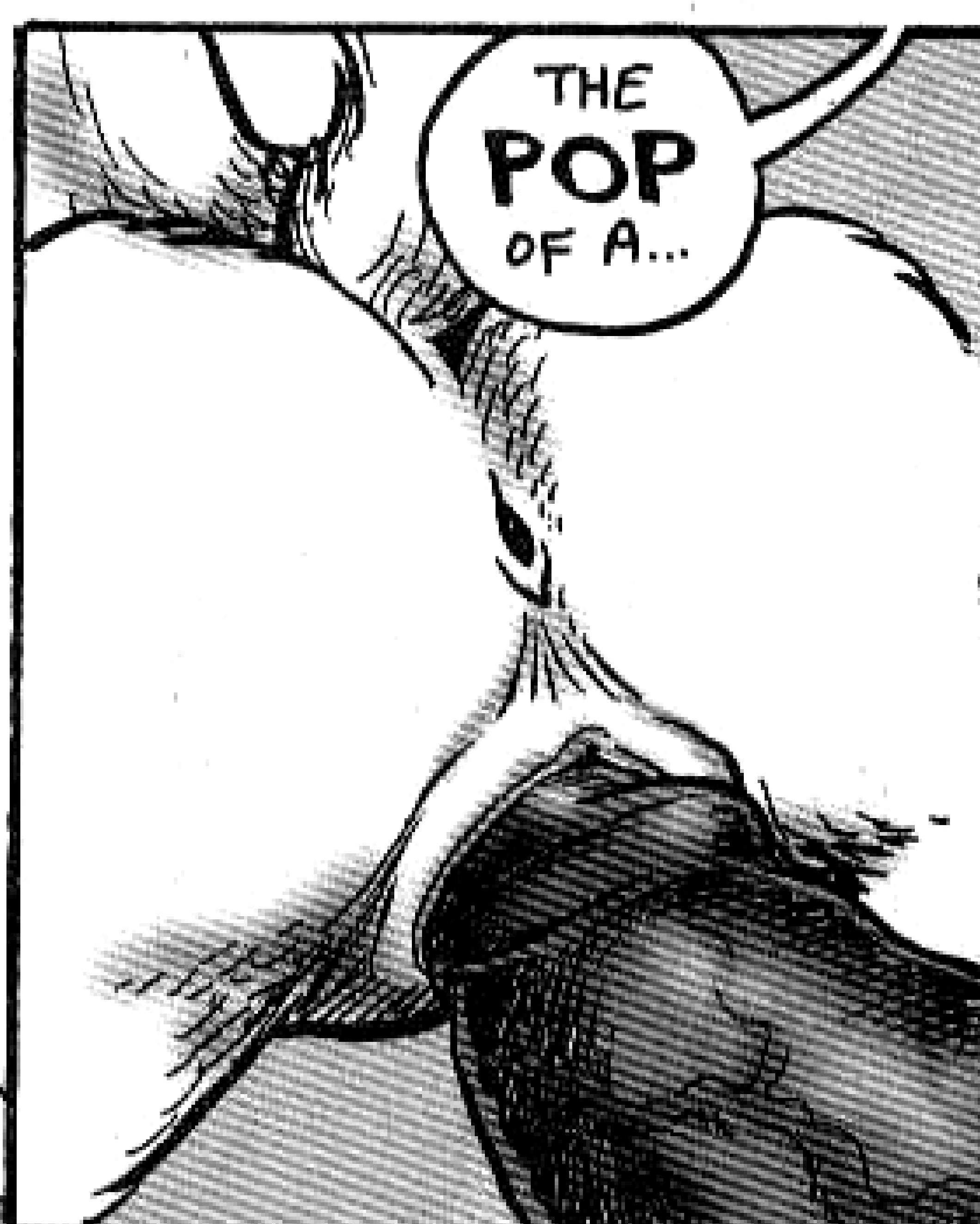


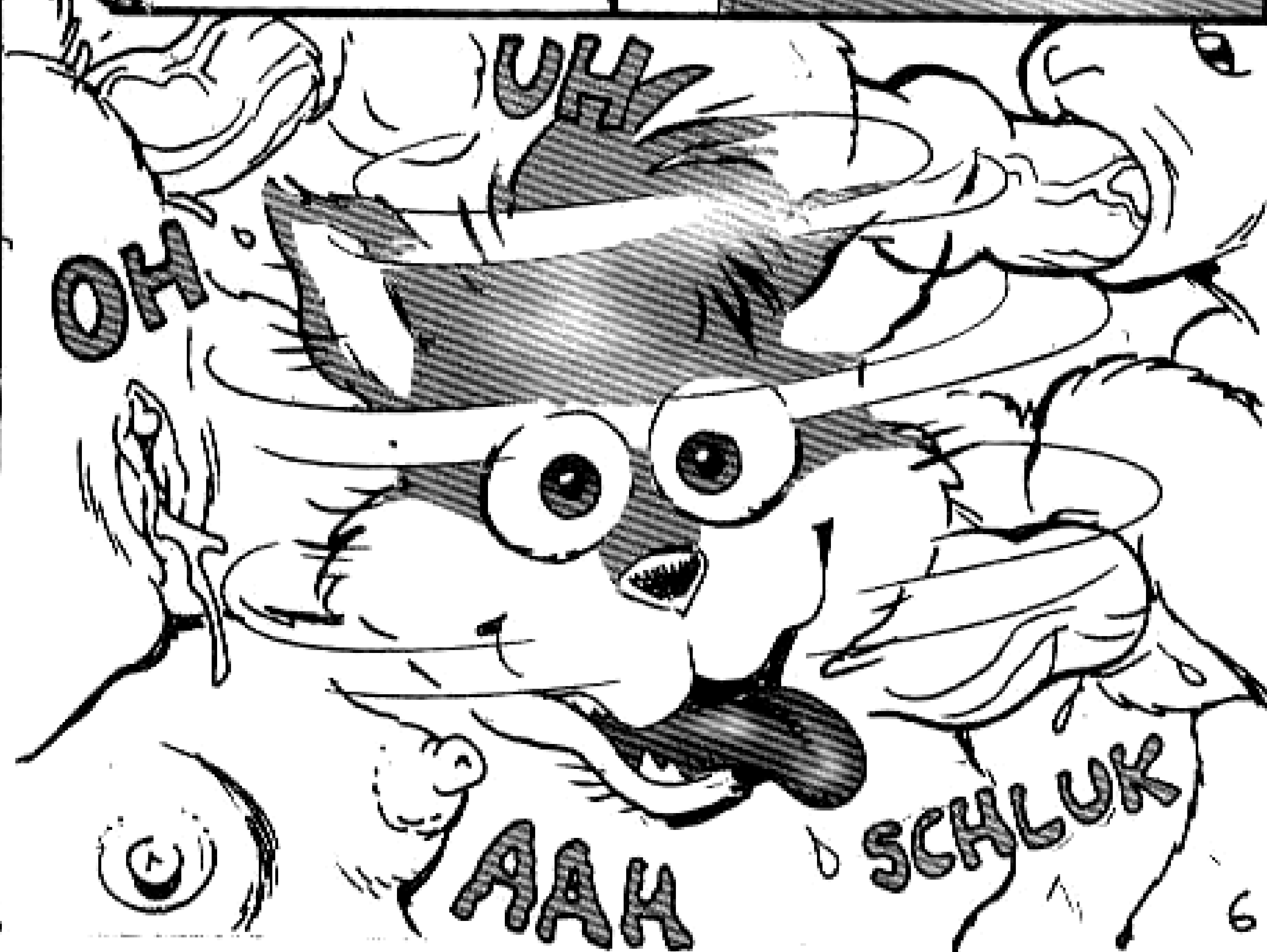
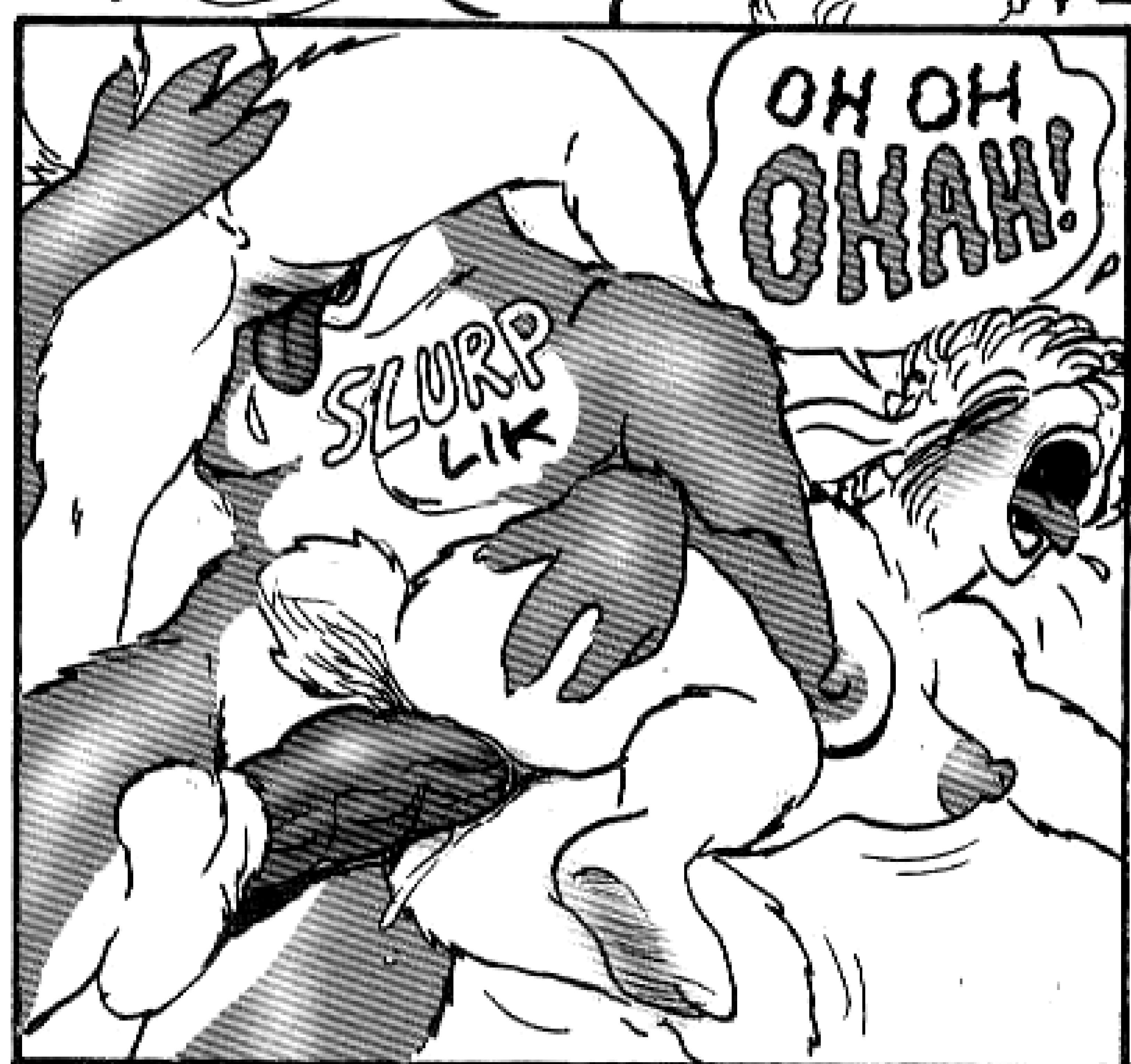
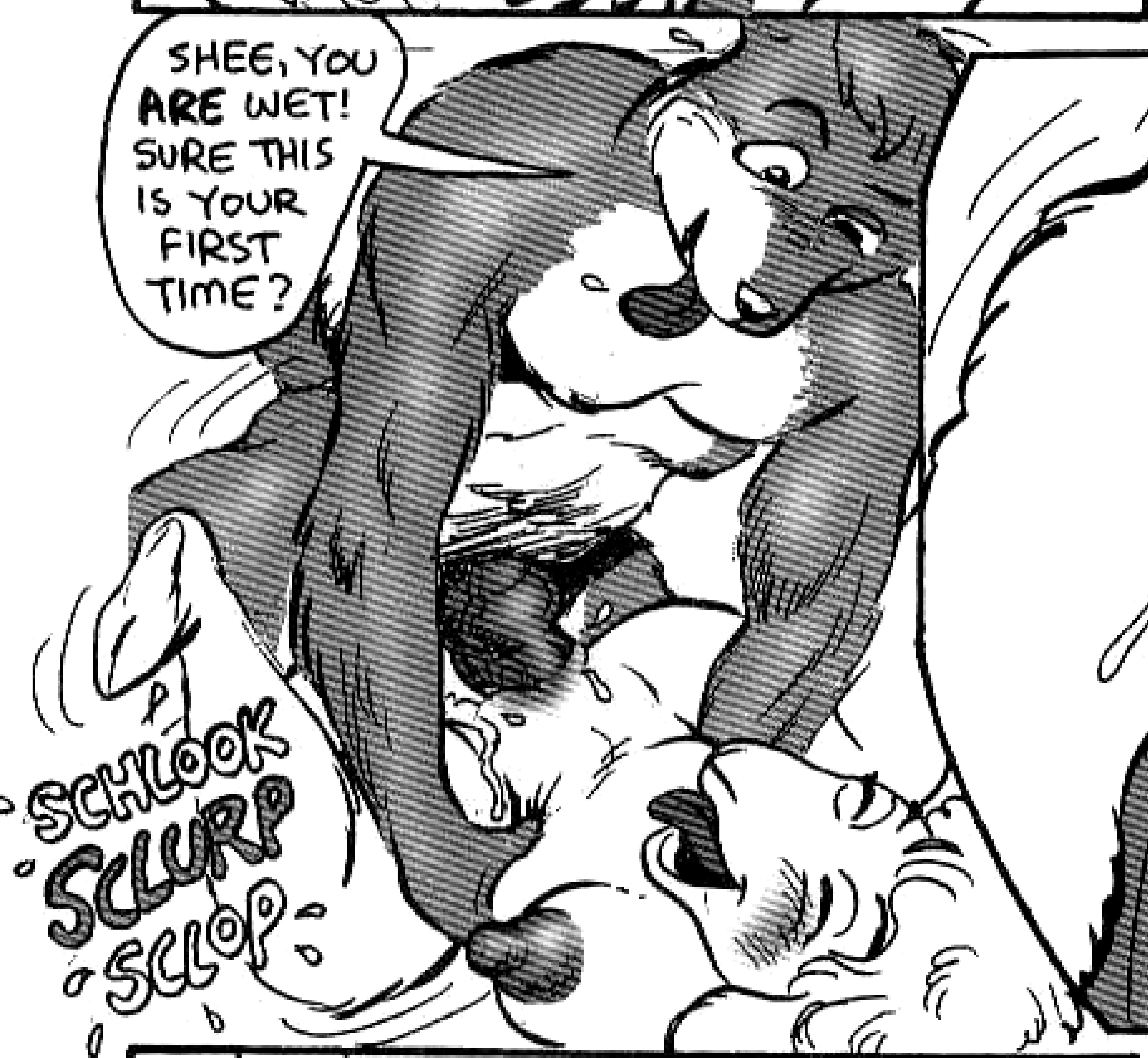
BUT YOU DOG! YOUR COCK NO MAKE LAMBS?

TRUE- BUT I'VE OFTEN WATCHED YOU LIL' DARLINGS FROLIC IN THE FIELDS AND THOUGHT HOW WELL MY COCK WOULD FIT BETWEEN YOUR SWEET LITTLE CHOPS....

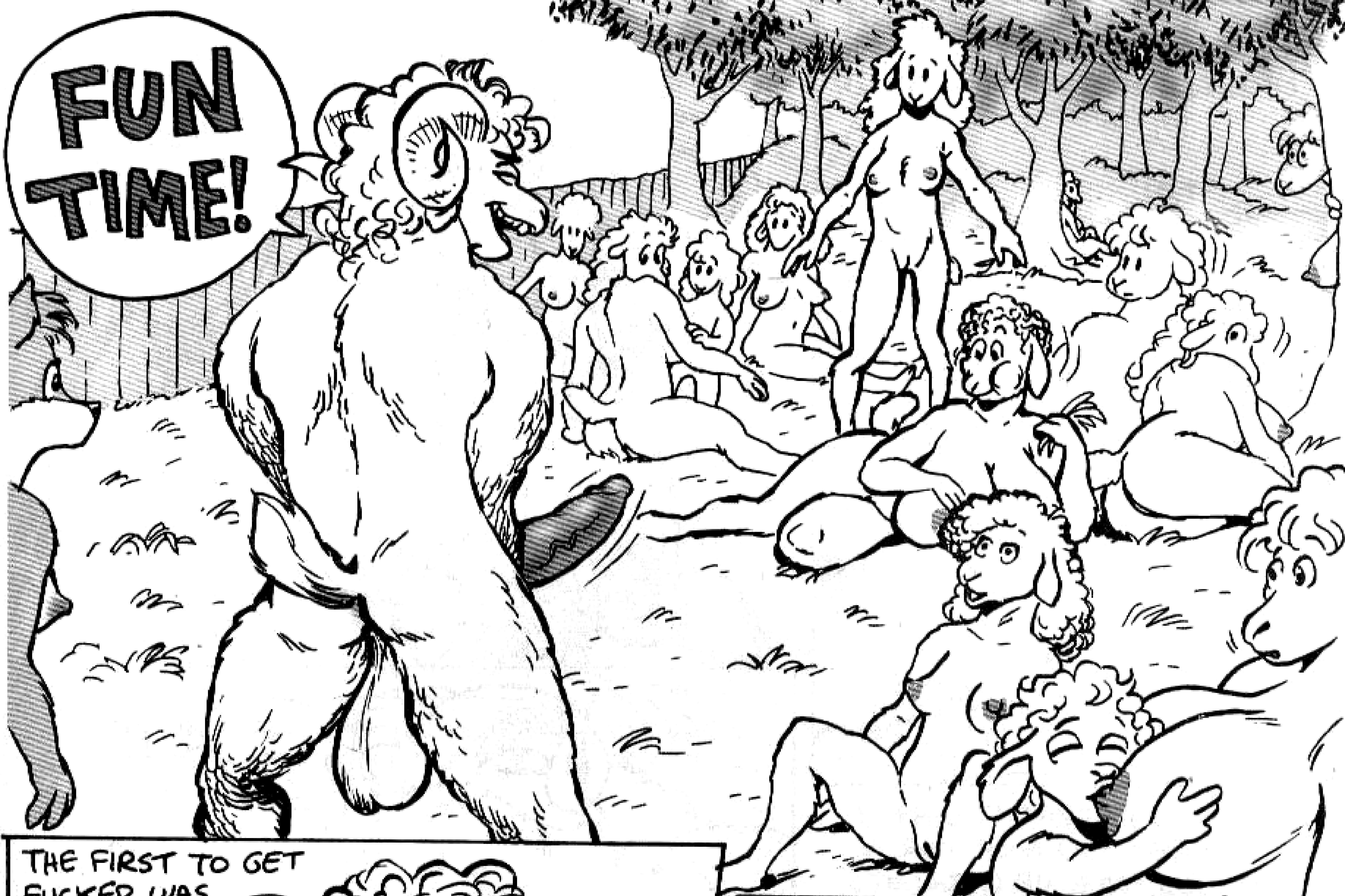
...AND BESIDES, **my** COCK WILL HURT A LOT LESS THAN THE RAM'S MUTANT MEAT MISSILE. YOU WANT IT?







MEANWHILE, IN THE SHEEPFOLD....



THE FIRST TO GET
FUCKED WAS
THIS HEAVILY
LACTATING
EWE...



HE BACKED
HER UP
AGAINST
THE
FENCE...

.... THEN WOW,
DID SHE GET IT!

UHH!
OHH!
:OHH:!



SLAM! SLAP! SNAP!

.....SNUCK SOME MILK
WHILE SHE LAY ALL FUCKED OUT.
BE A SHAME TO WASTE IT. PUPPY
LIKE SNACKS WITH A SHOW.



EACH ONE A DIFFERENT WAY. I
GUESS WHEN YOU FUCK FOR A
LIVING, YOU COME UP WITH LOTS
OF POSITIONS AN' STUFF....



AND WHAT A SHOW!

HE JUST PLOWED
INTO THEM,
ONE AFTER
THE OTHER
....

CAA! AAH!

URRH!

THIS ONE
SKINNY LAMB
WITH HUGE TITS,
I THOUGHT
WAS GONNA
BURST! 8

BUT EVEN THE RAM FINALLY RAN OUT OF CUM....

THAT WAS A HELLUNA
SHOW. MAYBE I WILL LET
YOU FUCK ME!

UH... ME
TIRED
NOW?

THAT'S FINE
SOMEDAY
LATER, THEN.

PAT

YES,
GOOD!

REX MUST BE PRETTY WORN OUT FROM HIS CHERRY-POPPING SPREE,
TOO. HE WON'T BE AFTER ME FOR SEX TONIGHT!

HUF HUFF
FFUH
OH MAN...

HA HA!
PUPPY IS
SMART! ALL
THESE BIG
STUDS
GOING
NUTS...

BUT I
DIDN'T GET
FUCKED
EVEN
ONCE!

HUH! THAT
MIGHT NOT
BE SUCH A
GOOD
THING, NOW
I THINK
ABOUT IT
....

WATCHING ALL
THIS FUCKING
HAS MADE ME
REALLY HORNY!

SKIP



COME ON-
DID YOU THINK
A WHOLE STORY
WAS GONNA GO BY
WITHOUT OUR LIL'
HEROINE GETTING
REAMED BY AN
ENORMOUS THROBBING
PENIS AT LEAST
ONCE?



WHAT IS IT WITH
YOU AND BIG DECKS?
ARE YOU A
FAGGOT?

I WISH
IT WAS
THAT
SIMPLE.

SKUNKWORKS

~IN~

PERFORMANCE REVIEW

ART BY: JAMES M. HARDIMAN

STORY ASS'T: KJARTAN ARNÖRSSON

THE PERFORMANCE REVIEW...FOR MOST PEOPLE, IT'S A MAJOR CAUSE OF NERVOUSNESS AND SWEATY PALMS.

MANAGERS
OFFICE



①

BUT NOT FOR THE SKUNKWORKS GIRLS! IF THERE'S ONE THING THEY DO WELL, IT'S PERFORMANCE!



THEY'RE NOT AFRAID TO TACKLE NEW
PROJECTS...EVEN THE REALLY BIG ONES.



AND THEY'RE NOT ABOVE SUCKING UP TO
THE BOSS, EITHER.



NATASHA IS CONFIDENT IN HER ABILITIES TO HANDLE LARGE, IN-DEPTH JOBS. SHE'S NOT AFRAID TO TAKE THEM ON SINGLE-HANDEDLY.



AND WHEN THE PRESSURE GETS TOO INTENSE, SHE STILL MANAGES TO KEEP HER COOL.





IF THE JOB GETS A LITTLE MESSY, HER SISTERS
ARE THERE TO LEND A HELPING HAND.



NOW, ONYX ISN'T USUALLY
INTIMIDATED BY BIG TASKS,
EVEN IF THEY STRETCH HER
RESOURCES A LITTLE THIN.



LIKE THE TROOPER SHE IS, SHE
APPROACHES HER WORK WITH
ENTHUSIASM...

LORI USUALLY GETS STUCK WITH THE
TAIL-END OF THE JOB, BUT SHE
DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND...



EVER THE AGGRESSIVE ONE, SHE
ALWAYS OFFERS HER SERVICES
AND SKILLS TO ENSURE THE JOB
GETS DONE RIGHT.

BEST OF ALL, THESE THREE WORK WELL
TOGETHER, AND COMPLEMENT EACH
OTHER'S SKILLS AND ABILITIES.





WHEN THE WORK IS DONE, THESE THREE
CAN BE COUNTED ON TO ENSURE
EVERYTHING IS CLEANED UP AND READY FOR
THE NEXT JOB, REGARDLESS OF SIZE.



WHETHER WORKING SOLO, OR IN UNISON, THESE
THREE EMPLOYEES ARE WELL-SUITED TO NEARLY
ANY TASK, EVEN THOSE THAT WOULD CAUSE
OTHERS TO HESITATE. THEIR ON-JOB
PERFORMANCE IS EXEMPLARY.



WELL, THAT OUGHTA BE
WORTH ONE HECK OF A RAISE!

ESPECIALLY IF WE
ACTUALLY WORKED HERE.

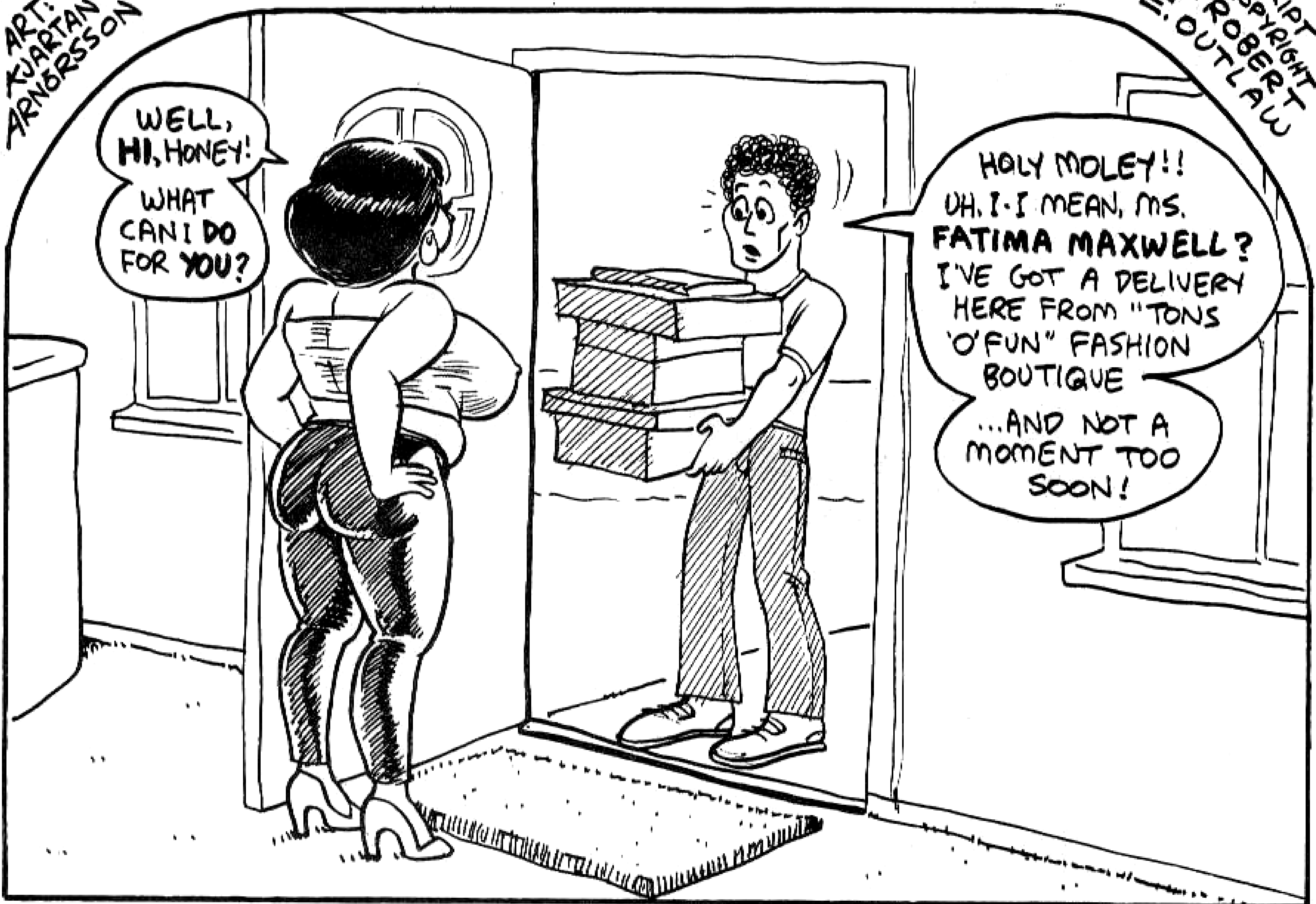
DETAILS,
DETAILS.

SHOWOFF...

ACRES & ACRES OF HOT JIGGLING FLESH!! BROUGHT TO YOU BY: 1991 & COPYRIGHT M. OUTLAW

ART:
KVARTAN
ARNERSSON

SCRIPT
& COPYRIGHT
M. OUTLAW





OH YEAH, BABY - YOU'RE 260 LBS. OF HOT MAMA... YOU NEED TO HAVE THESE JUGGS MILKED

- AND YOUR PUSSY FILLED...

... AND YOU KNOW HOW TO DO IT, DON'TCHA ?

I NEED AN OPINION HONEY- HOW DO I LOOK IN MY NEW MINI ?



OH, BABY...!

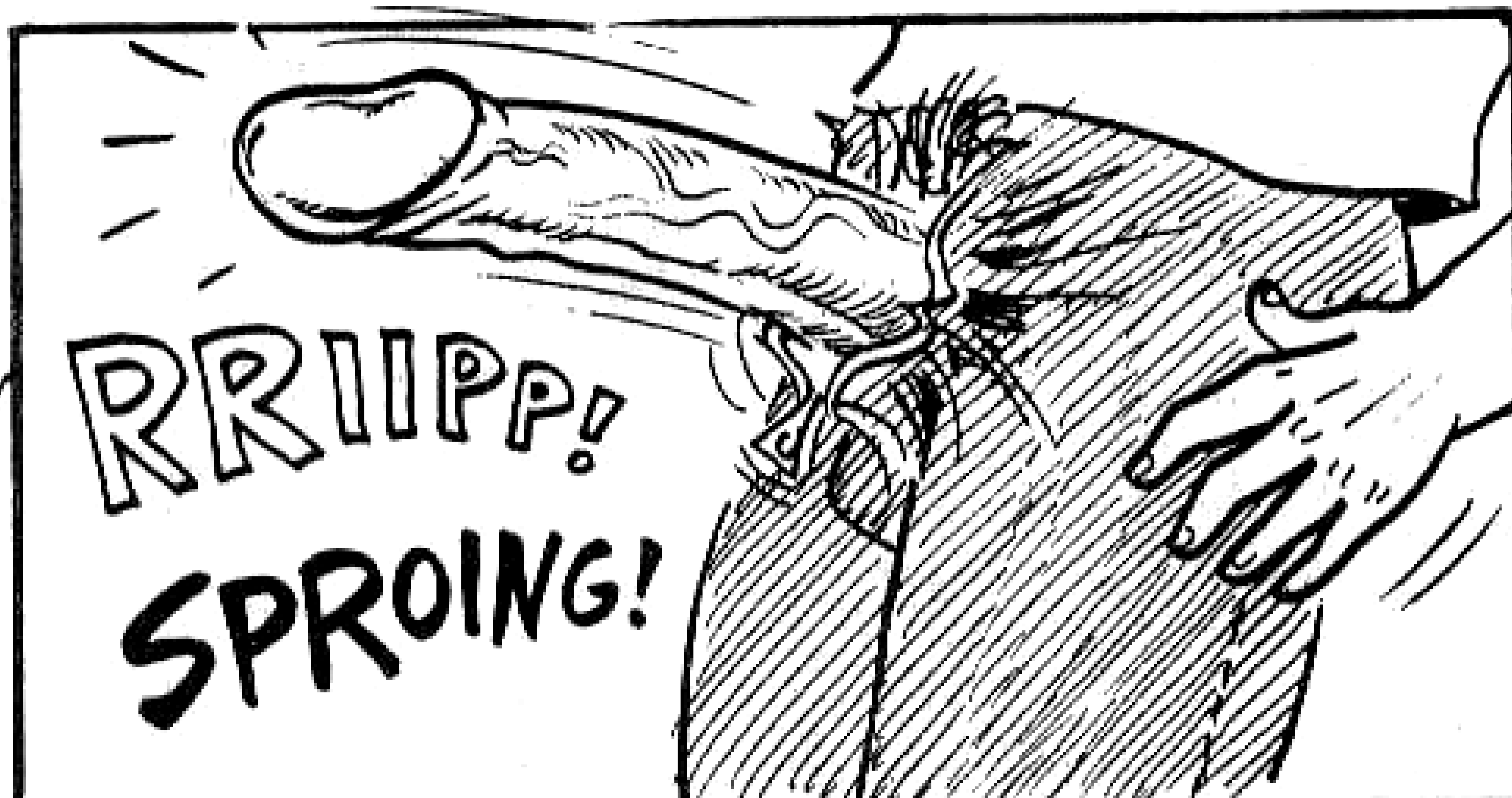
YOU ARE ONE FAT FOX!



... AND YOU DON'T THINK THIS TEDDY MAKES MY BUST TOO NOTICEABLE, DO YOU?

HECK, NO WHO... WHO NOTICES BUSTS THESE DAYS?

...AND DO YOU THINK THIS BABY-DOLL
NIGHTIE WOULD MAKE MOST MEN
BREATHLESS
WITH
DESIRE?



RRIIPP!
SPROING!

HOMINA,
HOMINA,
HOMINA
LOOK AT THOSE
HOOTERS!

HOLY
SHIT!



NOW, DON'T
WORRY, HONEY
I KNOW HOW TO
HANDLE THINGS
LIKE THIS
... MM.. MM...

SUUUCK...
SUCK! MM-
RICH AN'
CREAMY..



YOW!

ZIP!

Zoom!



WAP
WAP

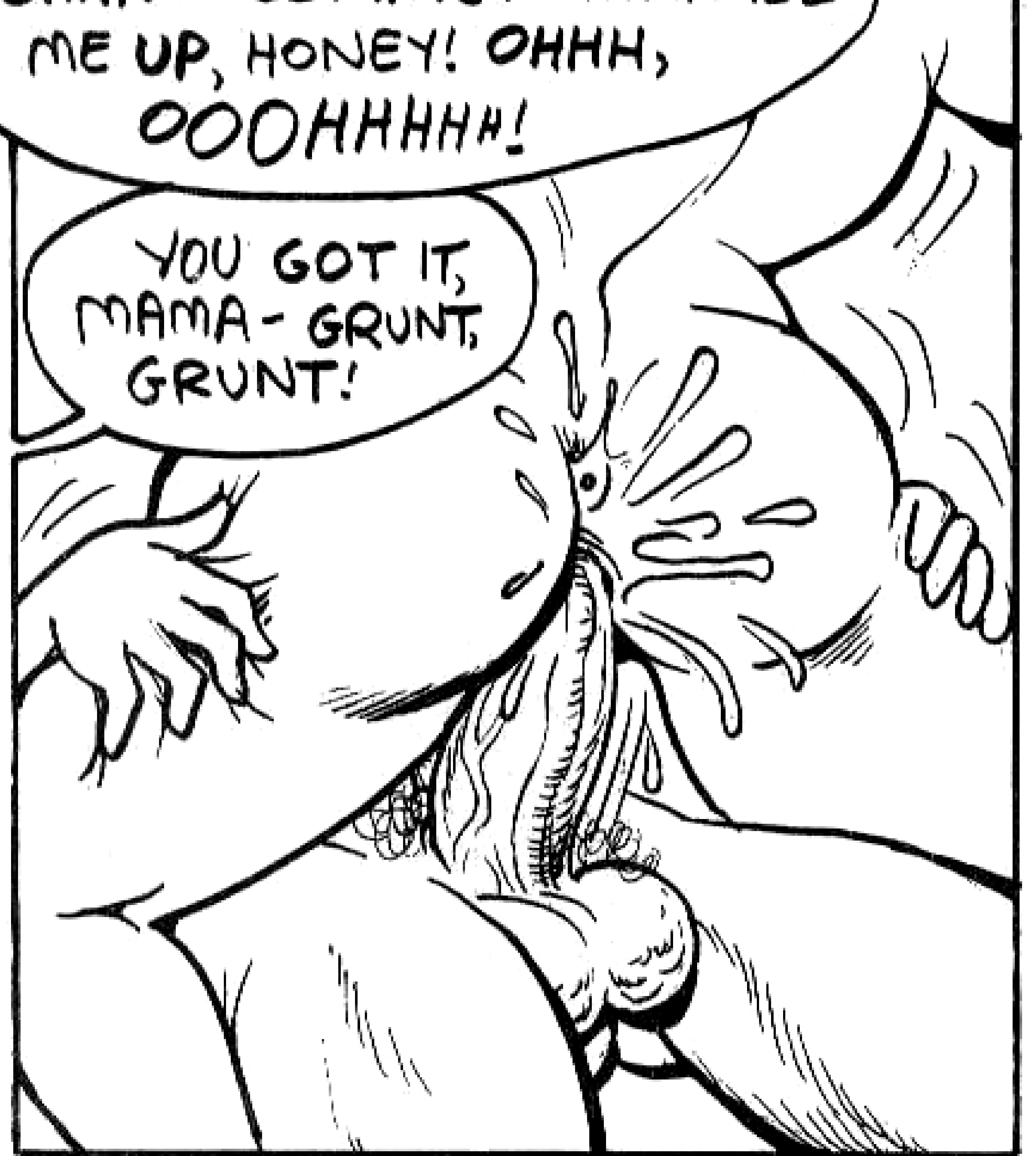
OOH, OOH YES!
THOSE ARE MY
LOVE BUTTONS!



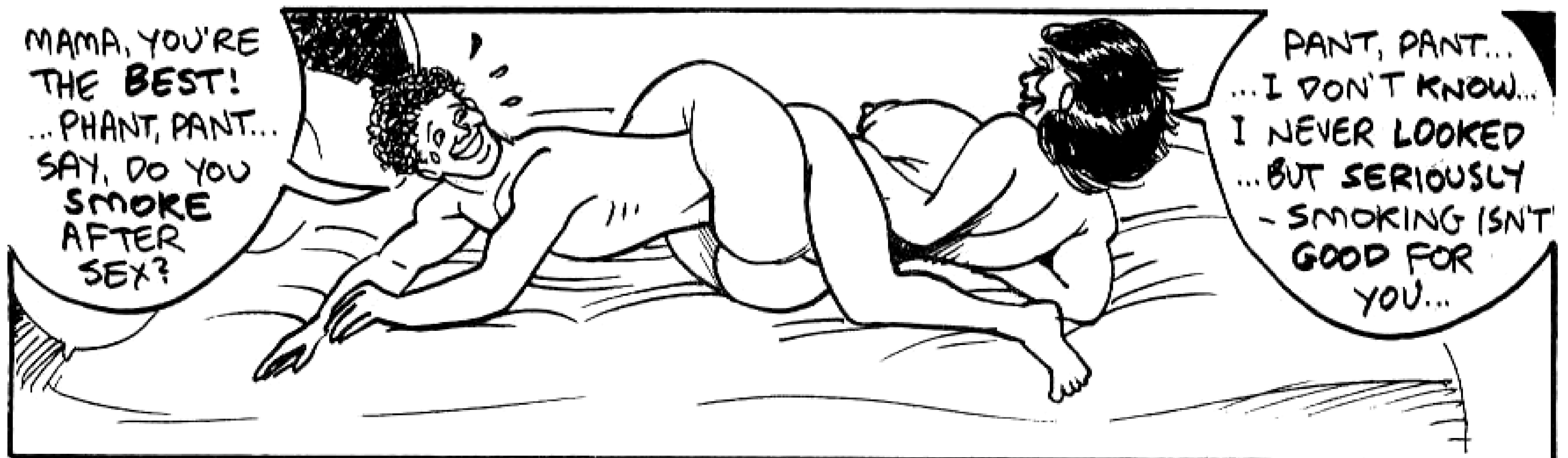


OHH, I'M COMING! OHHH, FILL ME UP, HONEY! OHHH, OOOHHHHH!

YOU GOT IT, MAMA - GRUNT, GRUNT!



MAMA, YOU'RE THE BEST! ... PHANT, PANT... SAY, DO YOU SMOKE AFTER SEX?



PANT, PANT... ...I DON'T KNOW... I NEVER LOOKED ... BUT SERIOUSLY - SMOKING ISN'T GOOD FOR YOU...



EATING! THAT'S HOW I CELEBRATE SEX!

MUNCH, CHOMP! WELL, THERE GOES MY DIET! BUT FUCK IT... WE'LL WORK IT OFF LATER...!

... MUNCH, CHOMP!

END